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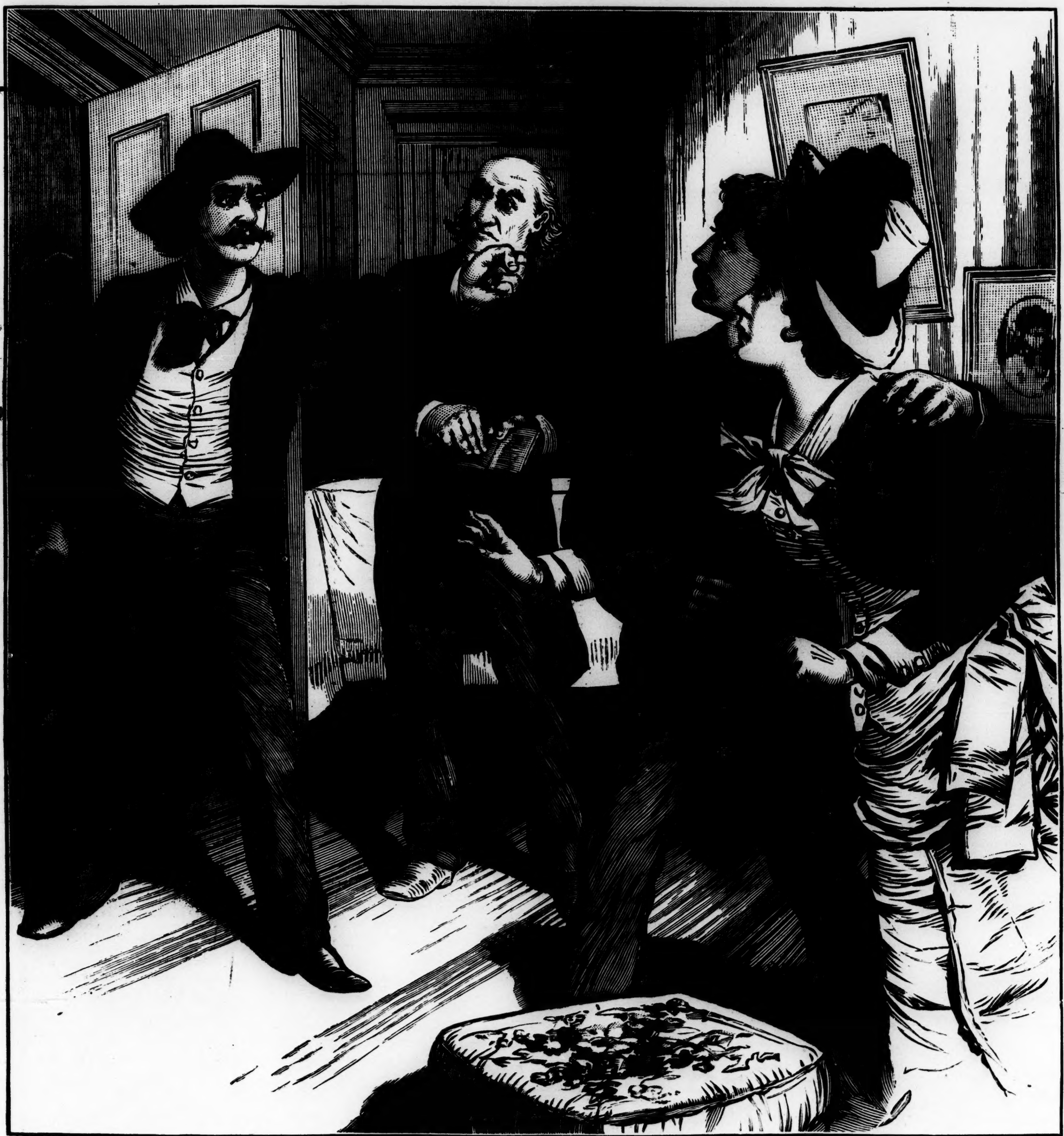
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

VOLUME L.—No. 508.  
Price Ten Cents.



THEY BESTED HIM AFTER ALL.

THE INDIGNANT BROTHER OF MISS NELLIE NIXON TEMPORARILY BREAKS UP HER WEDDING WITH JAMES VANDERGRIF NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

## "PARIS UNVEILED."

In this week's issue we print another instalment of the singular exposure of the crimes and criminals of the French metropolis, expressly adapted for Richard K. Fox, under the title of "Paris Unveiled."

### CHICAGO ROTTENNESS.

The raiding of the Walton house, a few nights ago, has developed one of the greatest social sensations which Chicago has experienced for many years. For years the Walton house has been known as a disreputable resort of a high (?) grade. Five stories in height, located within half a stone throw of Marshall Field's dry goods palace and other large establishments, and furnished with the costliest velvet carpets, mounted mirrors, imported lace curtains and luxurious divans, it has, on account of the privacy with which its business was conducted, apparently defied the police. Word went forth from detective headquarters, however, that the administration had decided that the house should go, and the proprietor having refused to heed the warning, a raid was ordered toward midnight of a night when the place was unusually full. The result was a surprise even to the police. Twenty-two couples were captured. All of them, males and females, were fashionably attired, and evidently moved in good society. Not a single man or woman could be identified by the police of the Central station as a disreputable character. Despite their tears and protestations, they were conveyed to the Armory police station, where, as a special favor, they were allowed to send for their friends. A prominent West side business man and church member, worth a round quarter of a million, was summoned from his bed at midnight to find his young friend and promising daughter in a cell. Another well-known man was staggered to find his wife among the inmates, and a wealthy widow, living in an aristocratic portion of the North side was compelled to order the family carriage and journey down town to give bonds for her only son and the daughter of a neighbor moving in the same set. Public opinion is very much divided on the question as to whether anything has been gained by exposing a local sore of this character, to say nothing of the probable effects upon a score or more of young women and girls, who ordinarily, retiring and modest in public, were compelled, as a result of their indiscretion, to ride several blocks in a patrol wagon among the ribald cheers and jests of the street gamins, loafers and toughs.

### THE RESURRECTION OF SPORT.

On Decoration Day, no casual observer of the way things were booming could have helped being struck by the fact that not only had the annual season of athletic sports begun with a vengeance, but that it had opened under the brightest and rosiest auspices. All over the country the voice of the athlete was heard, high above all other holiday sounds, making merry and hailing the dawn of one more era of protest against the tyranny of the cranks. Horse-racing, boat-racing, wrestling matches—all sorts and kinds and varieties of sporting events appropriately marked the celebration of our great spring holiday.

Indeed, it has come to this, nowadays, that Decoration Day is not only made famous and brilliant by the athletic festivals held upon it, but that Decoration Day is really the beginning, in a sense, of the entire season of outdoor sport.

One of the most agreeable features of the day was the revival of betting on our neighboring race tracks under the liberal provisions of the Ives Bill—in which connection let it not be forgotten that the strenuous exertions of the POLICE GAZETTE availed greatly in securing its passage.

No also in regard to the general development of sport and athletic exercise all the country over. The POLICE GAZETTE has never thrown away an opportunity to keep it going, and the astonishing catalogue of events which marked last Monday ought to prove that our help has been as powerful as it was sincere.

### THE CRANKS AGAIN.

After the 1st of July pool and billiard tables in saloons are prohibited in Texas. The purpose of the law is to deprive saloons of their means of attracting customers to their bars. Meanwhile a hot campaign is going on respecting the prohibition amendment, which is voted upon in August. The Waco Tribune, a prohibition advocate, is very violent in its language, while the postmaster of the town takes the other side and declares that the effort to enforce prohibition will cause the killing of enough prohibitionists to dam up the Brazos river. It is the first time in a long while that there has been a real political conflict in Texas with free speech on both sides.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Miss Grace Leslie, a member of the Kate Castleton company, was killed in a wreck on the Denver and Rio Grande near Salida, Col., early the morning of May 19. The company played "Crazy Patch" in Denver the week before, and had been playing the Colorado circuit, finishing their engagement at Pueblo that night. At 2 o'clock in the morning they started for Leadville, the company taking berths in the sleeper Cairo. About 5 o'clock, when near Salida, when turning a curve the sleeper was hurled from the track like a whip-cracker. Some say that the train was behind time, and that in attempting to catch up the regular schedule the velocity was so great that the sleeper flew the track.

The Prince of Wales has a private room under the stage of the Covent Garden Theatre. When he went there the other night for a smoke and a talk with Mapleson, the stage hands, not knowing he was there, locked the doors and went home. The Prince and the Colonel had resigned themselves to the idea of making a night of it, when the latter found a pass key in his pocket, and the two got the door open between them and escaped.

A well-known manager applied for time to one of the cheap-priced theatre managers for five or six well-known successes which he had the refusal of. Among them was Milton Nobles' "Phenix" and Gus Williams' "One of the Finest." The ten-cent manager refused to book them without the stars in the play. "What do you want for ten cents?"

The Rocky Mountain sheep inhabits the most precipitous and lofty regions and according to the stories of the hunters, this animal, when he wishes to descend from a cliff, simply jumps headforemost, alighting without injury upon his enormous horns. An actor in a variety show at San Antonio, Texas, has recently died from injuries caused by imitating the Rocky Mountain sheep. This man, whose real name was James B. Matthews, but who was known on the stage as Morton, had a trick of throwing a somersault from the top of a table and alighting on his head on the floor below. This dangerous feat Morton had practised for a long time, until the top part of his skull was covered with bosses, and in the opinion of Dr. Brannan, the city physician, who attended the unfortunate some time before his death, epilepsy was caused by his frequent repetition of this "mountain goat" act, the continual hitting of the skull on the stage having affected the brain also. He was about 32 years of age. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the above facts.

Mrs. Frank Dumont, wife of the celebrated negro minstrel, and J. Thomas Huey, an ex-deputy sheriff and well-known politician, will have a hearing on Monday in Philadelphia, charged with undue intimacy. Dumont became suspicious of his wife some time ago, and had her followed by detectives. She and her lover were caught in a raid on a disreputable house. The affair has created a sensation, as the parties are well known.

A letter from Omaha says: "The Gilfill & Bush Specialty Company, organized in Kansas City, came to an abrupt termination on the first night of their second week here by settling some of their differences in a way not down on the bills. Black eyes and bloody noses were in order, and the scene was so disgraceful that Manager Walton immediately canceled their engagement and closed the house for the balance of the week."

Lelia Farrell, the winsome and reckless little dancer of the Bijou, has come back from San Francisco entirely recovered from the pulmonary trouble that compelled her retirement to a more salubrious climate a few months ago. She is now as buxom and comely as of yore, having gained something like thirty pounds in weight while on recuperation bent.

The following professional people well known on this side were seen at the opening of the American Exhibition and Buffalo Bill's Wild West in London: R. M. Field, Ed. Perry, W. J. Florence, Marshall P. Wilder, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Barton Key, Alice Atherton, Willie Edouin, Townsend Percy, Olka Brandon, Billie Barlow, Everard Stuart, Edwin Cleary, Charles Overton, Grace Hawthorne, Margaret Cone, W. W. Kelly, Nellie Lingard, Mrs. Charles Gayler, Ray Samuels, Will Lotto and Nelson Decker.

Gus Heckler's benefit at the Union Square theatre, on Sunday night, was an extremely interesting event, if only as a demonstration of how thoroughly popular Mr. Heckler must be with theatrical people. It has often been said that during the many years Mr. Heckler has been connected with dramatic journalism he has always been among the very first to assist others on similar occasions. Under the circumstances I believe there was a general disposition to make the event of last Sunday a most emphatic success. It was so in every sense of the word. The house was crowded to suffocation, and the entertainment was particularly good. I am glad to say that Mr. Heckler netted about \$2,000 out of the affair—much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

Kyrley Bellew doesn't find everything American unsatisfactory. He has bought and shipped to England a launch with a naphtha engine, in which he will amuse himself by simply traversing the Thames during his summer outing. One of Bellew's more or less good qualities is a healthy love for aquatic sports.

The pretty Brummagem dairymaid, Eugenie Belmont, who figured in the papers during the recent Cattle Show at Madison Square Garden, seems determined to make capital out of her celebrity by going on the stage. She wrote a letter to Mr. Zobrowski the other day, setting forth in eight pages of fair chirography her qualifications for a dramatic career and stating that Mr. Gebhard had told her Mr. Zobrowski was going to have a theatre. Mr. Zobrowski referred the application to the Broadway Theatre Company. A special meeting of that corporation was duly convened, Mr. Sanger presiding. On motion of Mr. French it was with great gravity resolved that Mr. Zobrowski should be appointed a committee of one to investigate the pretty dairymaid's talents and submit a written report thereon at the next meeting. The name of Belmont may yet prove as potent in the world of theatricals as it is in the world of finance.

Poor Miss Jeffries Lewis. The other night she was in her dressing-room in a theatre at Chicago after playing her part of *Clotilde*. To her entered an unfeeling minion of the law in the shape of a deputy sheriff and seized all her clothes to satisfy a \$1,000 attachment. No news has yet been received as to how the lady managed

to get home clothed only in her well-known native modesty.

In St. Louis last Saturday night a bald-headed man climbed to the stage of the Grand Opera House while Jeffries Lewis was playing *Stephanie* in "Forget-me-not" and presented the actress with a diamond-studded Elks' badge in recognition of services rendered by her to the order. Public presentations of this sort may be particularly gratifying to the recipient, but they are a nuisance to the auditors and an unwarrantable interference with the uninterrupted enjoyment of a performance—a right that certainly cannot be gainsaid.

Selma Dolaro was out on Broadway the other day, and it was pleasant to see that her eyes had regained something of their old sparkle, her smile its cheerfulness, her form its roundness and her step its elasticity. She was a different being from the emaciated, cough-racked woman of a few weeks before. A miracle that the doctors could not work was here. It had been wrought through human kindness, generously extended by a warm-hearted manager and a sympathetic circle of actors. I do not know what will be the artistic result of the performance of "Fashion" for "Dolly's" benefit at the Madison Square, but the new life the promise of it has put into the soul and body of this clever and charming woman ought to bring a shower of blessings upon Manager Palmer and the others that have been instrumental in giving a hearty helping hand to the actress in her illness and distress.

Omaha is still in a virtuous flutter over Bernhardt's conduct while there, and it is probable that the people of that big village will not get over talking about it until next grass. It seems that the dressing-room window of the opera house commands the street, and as the temperature was sultry during Sarah's visit she did not disturb herself in regard to the conventionalities ordinarily observed in this new civilization of America, but proceeded to make her toilet without reference to the crowds assembled outside to witness the operation. With a heroic attention to duty which cannot be too highly praised in these degenerate days these horrified men stuck to their post, determined to see the thing through if they died in the attempt. This impulse was of course dictated solely by a desire to benefit and purify society, and so they gazed and still their wonder grew, as one article of apparel after another was taken off, until Sarah stood in *puris naturalibus*, and then proceeded to build up again. Leather medals would scarcely repay the debt society owes to these valorous, but now indignant men. Each should be presented with a pumpkin, in recognition of the kind of head he wears.

"It is all rubbish," remarked an actor the other day, "when they say that actors, as a rule, are more thoroughly devoted to baseball than any other class of men. I see paragraphs constantly stating that Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Barrymore, and all the other prominent men in the business are stuck on the game, and probably they are; but what of it? Lend me your pearl-tinted celluloid ear for a moment and I will tell you where this thing comes from. Actors are on duty at night amusing audiences, or trying to, which, as you very well know, does not always amount to the same thing. Having no opportunity to look out for their own pleasure in the evening, they are obliged to put up with what comes their way in the day-time, and unless horse races are on tap baseball is about the only resource. Hereafter, when you hear that there is something in the smell of the stage that transforms actors into baseball fiends, you can wager any reasonable amount that your informant don't know enough to go in when it rains."

If there is one subject that Mr. Lawrence Barrett is sensitive upon it is the subject of his humble origin. Lawrence Brannigan is his real name, and his father is an ignorant but honest and kindly old Irishman, who is vastly proud of his son's success, and who takes all his son's snubs without a murmur, says Eugene Field in the Chicago News. The story is told that one day last summer Mr. Barrett was awaiting a train at one of the Boston railway stations. With his coat buttoned closely about him, with an umbrella under his arm and a cigar in his mouth he presented a very trim appearance as he walked briskly up and down the station platform. At one end of the platform stood a group of Irishmen regarding the eminent tragedian with admiring eyes. One of the group was old man Brannigan.

"That's me b'y—me b'y Larry," said the honest old fellow to his companions.

"Och, go 'long wid yees," said another.

"By the mass, it's true for me," insisted the old gentleman. "That's me b'y Larry, the finest actor in all Ameriky."

The crowd laughed at Mr. Brannigan and bade him go tell his yarns to the marines. So, just by way of squaring himself and of confounding his tormentors, the honest old fellow approached the tragedian and said in a very friendly and inviting tone:

"Larry, Larry—Oh Larry, me b'y!"

But Mr. Barrett paid no attention to the call; he looked neither this way nor that, but kept on walking.

"Larry, Oh, Larry, me b'y!" repeated the aged father in a louder tone.

But Mr. Barrett suddenly turned his back and walked in the opposite direction.

"Larry," called the father a third time, and then, being suddenly overpowered by feelings of rage and disgust, he yelled: "Oh, Larry, yees may go to —!"

When the manager of one of the Bravest departed from Bellaire, O., without mentioning to his actors anything about pay or tickets to go home with, the company remained there at its own expense and played for the benefit of the leading lady, May Hamilton, who is the only support of a widowed mother. Every penny was turned over to her, and the actors trusted to luck to find their way home.

Miss Aimee, the ceiling walker, broke one of her suction shoes in Washington the other night and fell about twenty feet. Had it not been for the net that a wise law compels managers to provide, she would have broken her neck.

It is a good story which is being told at the expense of Pierre Lorillard. In his capacity as proprietor of the fashionable Tuxedo Park Mr. Lorillard is said to have declared that no actress should set foot upon the sacred retreat of fashion. Now, it just happens that Mrs. James Brown Potter was one of the first to take an interest in the park, and she not only participated in the amateur performances which were given there with such a flourish of trumpets, but she bought a cottage there. Since she has become a professional actress Mrs. Potter has caused the exclusive Mr. Lorillard some uneasiness. Inasmuch as she owns a house within the park it would not be easy for anybody to keep her out, and the rule which has hitherto been rigidly enforced will hardly be carried out in this instance.

WOODEN SPOON.

## OUR PICTURES.

### Sheriffs vs. Horse Thieves.

A special from Tahlequah, I. T., May 25, says: Two convicts who escaped from the National prison a short time ago, and who had been joined by two horse thieves, were overtaken in the mountains by the sheriff and a posse, and ordered to surrender. They refused and a battle followed. The sheriff and one of the posse were killed; also one of the convicts and the other mortally wounded. The horse thieves escaped.

### Saved Two Lives.

Michael Hammond, of Wilkesbarre, Penn., a freight conductor on the Delaware and Hudson railroad, was killed by being run over May 21. He was switching some cars when, as his train backed down the track, he saw a woman and a little girl walking leisurely along a few rods in advance. He shouted to them, but as they turned and saw their danger became so frightened they could not move. Hammond jumped off quickly and, running to where they were, shoved them off the track, but in so doing slipped and, falling back across the rail, was crushed to death.

### Boston Dudes Snubbed by the King.

The advent of E. Berry Wall and a half dozen of New York's exquisitely dressed young gentlemen, who came on to see the Country Club races, has greatly interested all Boston dudes. The day after the papers announced that they were at the Parker House the corridors of that hotel were filled with young men eager to catch a glimpse of their king. Mr. Wall remained in his room most of the time, however. He said to the correspondent: "Boston is so fearfully provincial that one must really be exclusive, don't you know, or the whole town would be calling on him."

### His Mill Was in Good Hands.

A special from Wrentham, Mass., May 23, says: At the fire in John Pendergast's shoddy mill last Saturday Mrs. Pendergast, wife of the proprietor, played a prominent part. Mr. Pendergast was absent in Maine, and when the fire was discovered Mrs. Pendergast, two other women and a man employed about the place were all that could assist. Mrs. Pendergast went in her night-dress, bareheaded and barefooted, to start the pumps, but could not get at them. She then harnessed a horse and, throwing a wrapper over her night-dress, drove to the village and gave the alarm, a thirteen-year-old nephew going on horseback to Franklin for a fire engine to save the other buildings. The lad was so exhausted when he reached Franklin that he fell from the horse and was picked up by a policeman, whom he told about the fire.

### It Was a Fatal Panic.

The academy at Knoxville, near Memphis, Tenn., was giving its annual exhibition in the main hall of its building Friday night week. A stage had been erected in one end of the hall, and 300 persons were packed in the room. The curtain had dropped on the first act of a play, and in the next scene ten young ladies, dressed in white, were to appear. As the curtain was rising again a coal-oil lamp was upset, setting fire to the draperies of the stage. The dress of Maggie Long, 13 years old, caught fire and she was soon enveloped in flames. The audience and those on the stage were panic-stricken and trampled over each other in their efforts to escape. Women screamed and fainted. Haywood Fowler, in trying to save Miss Long, was seriously burned. It is thought that none of those who were trampled upon will die.

### Shoots His Assailant Dead.

Our Chicago correspondent writes, May 22: While standing on the platform of a crowded street car, Daniel Mackey, a teamster, was fatally shot this afternoon by the conductor of the car, James English, a cripple. Mackey's brother was recently discharged by the street car company for calling English a scab. This afternoon, in retaliation, English was assaulted by Mackey and knocked of the car. English pulled a revolver and fired at Mackey, who was in the midst of a group of passengers on the moving car. A wild scamper to vacate the conveyance ensued, in which Mackey, though having received a bullet in the abdomen, endeavored to join. As he ran, English again snapped the trigger and Mackey dropped dead, shot through the back. English surrendered himself.

### Frayne's Lion Loose for a While.

Frank I. Frayne's lion Ingersoll escaped from his cage on Mr. Frayne's farm, between Madison, N. J., and New Providence, on May 23. The lion is one that appeared in Frayne's sensational play of "Si Slocum" this season. Mr. Frayne's son Frank discovered the runaway on the prostrate body of a horse which he had killed. The lion was tearing the flesh from the animal in huge mouthfuls. Young Frayne got a rope and succeeded in putting it around the lion's neck and drawing him to his cage. Just as the lion was about to enter, however, he struck at young Frayne with one of his paws, hitting him on the shoulder, tearing the clothing from him and lacerating his flesh. The lion was finally secured, and young Frayne's wounds were attended to. Ingersoll got loose about this time last year and escaped to the woods near Morris Plains, where he was captured with difficulty.

### It Looked Like a Slaughter-House.

Our correspondent at Union City, Ind., May 25, writes: This morning after 4 o'clock the cry of "murder!" from a small room occupied by two Chinese laundrymen, Bow Kong and Chang Lung, was heard by a patrolman. He found Chang in the kitchen with a horrible wound in his forehead and his head nearly hacked from the body. Near by was a bloody hatchet. In the partitioned recess on the bed lay the body of Bow, still struggling, with gaping wounds in the throat and a two-edged dagger by his side. The rooms looked like a slaughter-house. The two had a quarrel last evening and it is supposed Bow, who is small in stature, attacked Chang, a powerful man, in his sleep, and finding himself caught in the act, cut his own throat. Bow was the head of the establishment and has been in ill-health for some time. He has laundries in Logansport and Peru, Ind. Chang was Bow's uncle.

### FRED WOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur Chambers has, in his time, developed some very promising performers in the mystic square, but none of them have turned out better than Fred Wood, whose portrait appears on another page.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Chiara Cignarale.

Chiara Cignarale, the woman of Little Italy who shot her husband through the heart, pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree, and afterward chose to risk her life in a trial, was convicted in the General Sessions in this city on Friday last, of murder in the first degree, the penalty of which is death on the gallows.

Recorder Smyth took an hour for his talk to the jury. Speaking slowly and carefully choosing his words he instructed them as to their duty. The evidence concerning certain important points he divested of that which should have no weight with them, and handed over to them that which they were to weigh. There were few listeners in the courtroom after he had finished who thought that the verdict would be anything short of murder in the second degree.

The jury came in at 6:25 o'clock, and in the usual way, the jury looking upon the prisoner and the prisoner looking upon the jury—only it was a woman who stood in the prisoner's place—announced their verdict. The woman knew the meaning of the words "Murder—in the first degree," but not the verdict's meaning. After she had taken her seat the interpreter, who was with her, whispered that it was as he had feared—the worst. Her face did not change when she heard this. Without looking up and scarcely moving her thin lips, she whispered, "I am afraid there is no hope for me after the way I have been treated."

The officers led the woman out of the building by the Chambers street door. The sidewalk in Centre street was thronged with women going home from their work, who barely glanced at the small pallid woman in black whose garments touched theirs as they passed. But at the Tombs it was known that the verdict was murder in the first degree, and a little crowd had gathered on the corner to catch a glimpse of the woman whose name may become as widely known as was that of Mrs. Druse before she goes to the gallows.

The woman bore up till she had entered the outer gate at the Tombs, walked down the hall to the inner gate, and heard it close behind her—till the men, in whose presence she had been, left her, and she was among women. Then she put both hands to her face and uttered a wail that pierced the ears of all who were in the corridors, and might have been heard even to the sidewalk.

## SHE GOT THERE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The shrill call of "All aboard!" had sent all the passengers scurrying on to the cars of the Eastern express in the Union Depot, Pittsburgh, the other night, when a lady who, at a rough guess, turned the scales at 250 pounds, galloped by the gateman at the platform wicket. A young man of slender build trotted by her side, and made a gallant effort to speed her flying feet as the cars slowly responded to the panting pair of locomotives.

She redoubled her exertions, and a big colored porter jumped off the moving car and hastened to her side. She had breath enough left to emit three distinct "Oh's" as the young man and the porter caught her by the waist and hoisted her up on the steps. "Baby" Anson led the cheering as the lady caught at the hand rails and sank like a feather bed on the car platform.

## A BELLIGERENT JOURNALIST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

From Houston, Tex., a correspondent writes, May 25: To-day Dr. Wm. O. Langdon, of the Fifth Ward, called at the Herald office to interview Editor Wm. H. Bailey on the subject of a number of articles from his pen, accusing the doctor of malpractice on a negro woman named Annie Washington, from the effects of which she died. During the conversation Mr. Bailey slapped his face, when a fight ensued. Dr. Langdon finally drew a pistol. Mr. Bailey hurriedly took a pistol from the drawer of his desk and attempted to shoot Langdon, but was kept from it by the interference of Sheriff Elliott and his deputies, who were expecting a difficulty. Both men were disarmed. In this evening's issue of the Herald Dr. Langdon is again attacked by Mr. Bailey. It is probable that a duel will end the affair. Mr. Bailey is the editor who was challenged to fight about eighteen months ago by J. T. Watson, one of the managers of the Post. This affair was settled by the seconds of the parties.

## A FAITHFUL AND PLUCKY MAIDEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special dispatch from Chattanooga, Tenn., May 22, says: James Vandegriff and Miss Nellie Nixon were raised in the northern portion of this county, and their childhood friendship ripened into love when they grew older. Several months ago, when they expressed a desire to wed, Miss Nixon's parents refused to give their consent. The couple then decided to elope, but the watchful eye of the girl's father and brother al-

ways prevented. Last night Miss Nixon slipped out of her room and joined her lover, and they fled to the residence of a minister. While he was in the midst of the ceremony the brother of the girl, who had discovered her flight, came in and stopped the marriage. The couple rushed out in the darkness and eluded the angry brother. Miss Nixon had lost her shoes in some way, but she walked with her lover a distance of eleven miles barefooted, and reached Chattanooga at 3 A. M. A minister was found and married the couple a few minutes before the pursuing brother came up.

## PASTORAL INDISCRETION.

The Result Much the Same to a Pawtucket Gospel Sharp.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the Standing Committee of the Broadway Church, Pawtucket, R. I., at a meeting held in the vestry on Friday evening, with Deacon Mathews in the chair, accepted the resignation of the pastor, Rev. C. F. Burleigh, the good people of Pawtucket burned with curiosity, and the inquiry, "What is up?" was very general. The clerk of the committee did not read the letter of resignation. He thought he must have forgotten to bring it. The chairman said it would be all right; that he had seen the letter and that the committee would take his word for it. And then the committee wagged its several heads in unison and adjourned amid portentous silence. Deacon Mathews, however, afterward stated to our representative that Pastor Burleigh had been indiscreet—"not criminal, you know, but indiscreet. The cause of Christianity is not imperilled by indiscretion on the part of the pastor, but criminality—Ah, then." The distinction between clerical indiscretion and criminality in this particular case was explained by Deacon Mathews in a recital of the interview he had with the clergyman concerned. "When," said the good deacon, "I asked the Rev. Mr. Burleigh what was the terrible story in circulation which affected his usefulness as a minister of the Gospel he was quite candid in his explanation. Unfortunately the world is given to lying and is not charitable, and perhaps many members of his church will not accept unreservedly Mr. Burleigh's defence."

The explanation given by the pastor as related by the deacon is as follows:

"On the evening in question—it was Monday last—I went out for a walk to recover from the fatigues of the Sabbath by breathing the fresh air of the suburbs. By chance I met a lady acquaintance and we strolled along discussing spiritual affairs until we found ourselves out of the thickly settled limits. Passing by Weeden's Grove the lady complained of fatigue, and she wished to rest by sitting down on a bank. I stood by her some time continuing the conversation. Just as she arose to return home I observed a man lying on the grass partially concealed by some bushes. I became alarmed, and casting my eyes about in the semi-obscurity of the evening I also saw three other 'Peeping Toms.' I exclaimed to my companion, 'Come away as quickly as possible; this is no place for us.' She arose and we retraced our footsteps. I am ready to prostrate myself before my Maker and to solemnly affirm that I was imprudent only, and not criminal. The men who were concealed were uncharitable, and they scoffed at me and uttered ribald laughter."

When asked what the church proposed to do, Deacon Mathews said:

"Mr. Burleigh cannot preach again,"

"No farewell sermon?"

"Of course not. The sexton has instructions to lock the church and retain close custody until some plan is agreed on. It is very sad all around. Mr. Burleigh has been with us nine years. He will at once remove from town with his family. The men who were playing the part of 'Peeping Toms' are respectable citizens. Their version of the affair does not agree with the pastor's."

The lady, whose name is on every tongue, is of an excellent family, but had been divorced from her husband, and had recently lived in retirement. She is of pleasing face and attractive manner.

## HE WANTED TO FIGHT SULLIVAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our correspondent at New Haven says, May 25: John Gregory, a farmer, who resides in Southington, Conn., came to this city yesterday to see John L. Sullivan umpire a game of ball and give his exhibition in the evening. Gregory made up his mind, while at the ball game, that Sullivan was not such a great man after all, and at the show in the evening he tried to arrange a match with Sullivan, to take place immediately after the show. Neither Sullivan nor his manager, Pat Sheedy, would see him, and Sullivan's younger brother sent him about his business. This morning, however, he went down to the depot and entered the train in which Sullivan was leaving town, and walking up to the champion he said: "Say, see here, Sullivan, I want to lick you." Sullivan said: "You've got rats in your garret," and some of the party hustled him out on the platform. It was with difficulty that he was prevented from returning to the car and giving Sullivan a chance to knock him out.

## TRYING TO BLOW UP A WIDOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Vincennes, Ind., dated May 25, says: A dynamite bomb was thrown and exploded against the front of Mrs. Francis A. Richey's residence this morning at three o'clock. A large hole was torn in the weather boarding, the ground was torn up, and every window in the building shattered. Mrs. Richey and her seventeen-year-old son were thrown out of bed by the shock and the young man was unconscious for a time from the shock. Some time ago the house was battered with car pins, and since then Mrs. Richey has been in receipt of various threatening letters. This morning the owner of the house, Mr. Orr, received the following letter through the mail, bearing a special delivery stamp:

"You have had warning. Now it will be worse next time. Put that woman out, or I'll send you both to —"

Similar letters have been received by Mr. Orr in the same handwriting. On last Sunday night an attempt was made to kill Mrs. Richey. Her son George heard an object strike the shutters. He rushed out and found a dynamite cartridge which he seized hurriedly, cutting off the fuse. Mrs. Richey is a prepossessing widow. She is a dressmaker. There are many theories as to the cause of the dynamiting. The one most generally accepted is that it is the work of a female rival.

## RUN AGAINST A RAZOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Bardonia, Ky., May 24, says: At Springfield, Washington county, last night Mike McCarty and John Madden engaged in a street fight that will in all probability result fatally to Madden. From

reports received this morning it appears that the two men have not been the best of friends for some years. They quarreled years ago, and have in a manner kept it up until last night, when they met in Springfield. They had been drinking during the day and by night were both pretty well keyed up. When the two men met, Madden with an open knife in his hand, began advancing on McCarty, who warned him off. He failed to heed the warning, but continued to approach McCarty, who, as soon as Madden came within striking distance, jerked out a razor and made a slash at Madden. The blow caught Madden just under the chin, severing his head nearly off the body. The two men then clinched and began to slash each other in a savage manner, when bystanders interfered. Madden, besides the cut on the neck, has several others on his body. The wound on Madden's neck will prove fatal. McCarty was cut several times, but not dangerously. McCarty was arrested and is now in jail. Both men were tolerably well-to-do mechanics. The sympathy of the community is with McCarty as Madden was the aggressor throughout.

## C. A. O'ROURKE,

Manager of the New York City Press Association.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In nothing has the importance of prompt records of the important events of the day been more fully shown than in the demand of sporting men for almost instantaneous reports of horse races, baseball matches, yachting and rowing races. To meet this demand Mr. C. A. O'Rourke, manager of the New York City Press Association, started a year ago a Ticker Service. The little instrument is now to be found in nearly every hotel, club and sporting resort from the Battery to the Harlem river. It has proved a revelation and a wonder to the sporting fraternity, and has become a necessity to every place which makes any pretence to cater to the wants of the sporting community. There is now no longer a wait of twenty minutes to half an hour to get the report of a horse race or other important sporting event. The ticker records it two minutes after it is over, the news being received by telegraph from the track direct to the offices of the City Press Association, 115 and 117 Nassau street, and instantly placed in the ticker. The little instrument is wonderfully fast, and prints with astonishing accuracy. The whole thing is a perfect revolution in the way of obtaining and distributing news. Mr. O'Rourke has been eighteen years at the head of the news organization named, so that while the use of the ticker by him is of comparatively recent date, his experience as a news agent is hardly equalled by that of any other man in the United States. He and his office enjoy a national reputation as news gatherers. He has been through the "mill" in every capacity. In New York city alone he employs a staff of about fifty skilled men. He knew from experience the wants of the sporting community, and that he has met the demand, is shown by the fact that his ticker has swept the city and left attempts at opposition hopeless. He gives the entries for all races a day beforehand. In reporting a race he does not confine himself to results, but announces the names of the horses scratched; the arrival of the horses at the post, the start, progress and result of the race.

In baseball every important match, no matter in what part of the country, is reported on the ticker by innings, each inning as it is over. The whole service is a marvel of completeness and skill, and shows the advantage of special fitness and special training. Mr. O'Rourke, who, many years ago, was an associate in newspaper work with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, remarked to him a few weeks ago that his (O'Rourke's) training under that modest but able journalist, Mr. Geo. Bartholomew, managing editor of the N. Y. Daily News, gave him his best insight into what was news and how most quickly to get it.

## WILLIAM HERBST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Glen Rock bank case, before the United States District Court, Philadelphia, came to an end on Thursday in the conviction of William Herbst, the former president, on the charge of misapplying the funds of the bank. Judge Butler, in making his charge, referred to the fact that Herbst, who, as president, ought to guard the interest of depositors and stockholders, had drawn for the firm of which he and his two sons were members over \$33,000 without legal authority, and that over \$20,000 was overdrawn by the same firm. William Herbst, nearly 70 years old, will have to undergo at least five years of imprisonment. On the same day the son, Jacob S. Herbst, was brought to the bar. The same jury was empaneled and it was agreed that the evidence as heard against the father should be admitted against the son. The case was argued at once. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence in both cases is deferred, pending a motion for a new trial.

## FELL SEVEN HUNDRED FEET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A large crowd witnessed a fearful accident at Oskaloosa, Ia., May 23, by which William Andrews, an amateur balloonist, was dashed to death. The balloon, about 20 by 40 feet in size was inflated with hot air and rose rapidly to a height of about 700 feet, Andrews clinging to a trapeze.

Suddenly it was observed that the balloon had caught fire, and Andrews was seen climbing upward to its mouth and endeavoring to put out the fire. His efforts were unsuccessful, and in two or three minutes the collapse came, and the aeronaut came whirling down from the awful height and fell upon the roof of a business block, his body being crushed beyond recognition. Many ladies watching the terrible sight fainted and had to be carried home.

## SHE WAS THE HIT OF THE SHOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Elsewhere we publish, from sketches expressly made for this paper, a picture of the presentation of Annie Oakley, "Police Gazette" champion wing shot, to the Prince of Wales, when the heir to the throne visited the Wild West show in England. The Prince complimented Miss Oakley heartily and said that Richard K. Fox's protegee was by long odds the hit of the entire show.

## SHE GOT A NEW EAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the victims of the great railroad accident, near Boston, in the spring, was a young lady who lost an ear as the consequence of the disaster. Her affianced husband discovered in New York a surgeon who makes celluloid ears and noses. For a pecuniary consideration he took the case in hand, and on another page we illustrate the operation.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



Oscar H. Quinn.

Of Evanston, Wyoming, is the champion rider of the far West. He is a native of Salt Lake City, Utah, and is only in his twenty-third year. There is not a broncho or wild horse raised in Wyoming that young Quinn cannot ride. The cow-boys call him King of the Saddle, and will back him against all comers for a thousand. He is a favorite among the best horse raisers and sporting men of Wyoming.

## John W. Dunne.

A capital portrait of this bright and dashing young theatrical manager will be found on another page. He is at present conducting the fortunes of the Patti Rosa Company.

## Editor William O'Brien.

William O'Brien, the able Irish editor, who is on a visit to this country, has had considerable and very rough experiences in Canada recently. At Kingston he was mobbed and followed to his hotel by a howling gang of ruffians, who stoned him in the most brutal manner. At Hamilton O'Brien was again attacked and several shots were fired with the intention of killing the defenceless journalist no doubt. However, so far, Mr. O'Brien has escaped with but a few slight wounds. The clever editor is one of the leading lights on the Irish press who has supported manfully the right of Ireland by his powerful writing and his strong and eloquent speeches.

## Thomas Riley.

The trial of Thomas Riley for the murder of Robert Coleman was taken up in court last week at Greensburg, Pa. The deed for which Riley is being tried occurred at Greensburg at an early hour on Sunday morning, Dec. 12, 1886. A short time previous to the murder Coleman, the victim, was employed at the Crab Tree mines in the capacity of deputy sheriff. Riley worked at the mines at the time, and for some unknown reason took a dislike to him. On their exit from a restaurant, where they had been together and apparently friends, Riley struck Coleman on the head with some blunt instrument, killing him instantly. The prisoner is a native of Scotland, aged about thirty years. The murdered man was a resident of Greensburg.

## William Patterson.

The murder of Jennie Bowman, the servant who was fatally beaten while heroically defending her master's house from a bold daylight robbery, at Louisville Ky., will be avenged by the hanging of both the negroes who caused her death. The assault was committed April 21, and the other day the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, inflicting the death penalty on William Patterson. Albert Turner, his partner, was convicted May 12 on confession, and sentenced to hang July 1. Patterson made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to prove an alibi. He told his story very shrewdly, but a record of three terms in the penitentiary bore hard against him. Turner's confession was supported by strong circumstantial evidence. Turner's case is said to be the only self-conviction of murder that ever occurred in Kentucky. The execution is fixed for July 1, the same day as Turner's. The hanging will be private.

## Burglar Smith.

Burglar Thomas Smith is the desperate crook who has given the Chicago police so much trouble of late by making a fierce battle in arresting him. He tried to shoot two officers in a battle with them.

Smith was released from the penitentiary about two years ago, after serving the State for ten years for burglary committed in this city. Before going to Joliet he escaped from the county jail. He was recaptured soon after gaining his liberty. On leaving Joliet he swore that if he ever "went to work" again and a policeman tried to arrest him he would kill the officer or be killed himself, a threat he did his utmost to make good. A few weeks ago two policemen undertook to arrest Smith on general principles, but Smith got the drop on them, and escaped by slipping out of a side door of the saloon where the attempt was made. The police will endeavor to have Smith sent back to Joliet for twenty years under the habitual criminals act.





[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by CRAMER, St. Louis, Mo.]

**JOHN W. DUNNE,**  
THE BRILLIANT YOUNG BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE PATTI ROSA COMPANY.



**WILLIAM O'BRIEN,**  
THE ABLE AND ELOQUENT IRISH EDITOR AND ORATOR WHO WAS SO COWARDLY  
MOBBED AT KINGSTON AND HAMILTON, CANADA.



**SNUBBED BY THEIR KING.**

THE TWULY DWEADFUL AND FEARFULLY HOWWIBLE FATE OF A LOT OF BOSTON DUDES WHO WERE UNMERCIFULLY SAT UPON.



**THE LION GOT LOOSE.**

FRANK FRAYNE, JR. HAS AN EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE OLD MAN'S  
FAVORITE WILD BEASTS.



**"PEEPING TOMS."**

THAT IS WHAT PASTOR BURLEIGH, OF PAWTUCKET, R. I., CALLED TWO OF HIS  
RATHER TOO-WATCHFUL DEACONS.





THOMAS SMITH,  
THE DESPERATE CROOK WHO TRIED TO KILL TWO CHICAGO  
OFFICERS WHO CAPTURE HIM IN THE ACT.



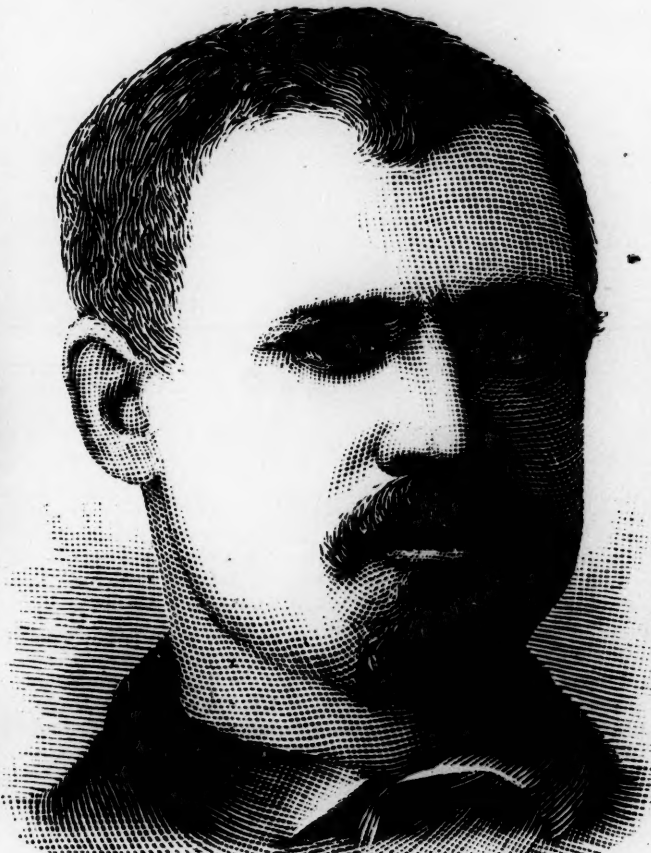
FOR THE BEST OF THE COPPERS.  
THE NEW MEDAL WHICH THE NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONERS PRESENT TO THE MOST DESERVING OFFICERS.



THOMAS RILEY,  
THE MINER WHO WAS TRIED LAST WEEK FOR THE KILLING OF  
DEPUTY SHERIFF ROBERT COLEMAN AT GREENSBURG, PA.



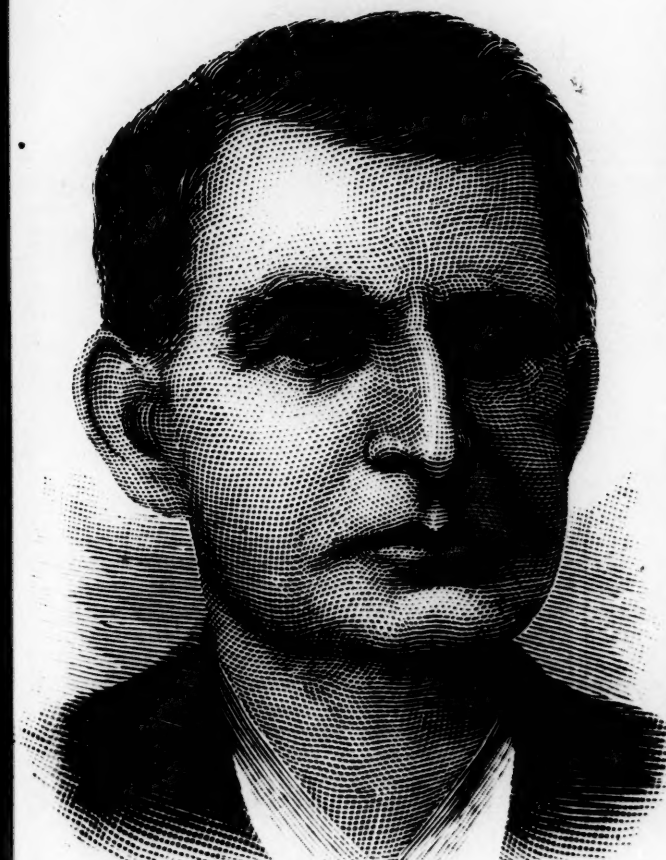
THE EDITOR COULD FIGHT.  
DR. WM. C. LANGDON OF HOUSTON, TEXAS, HAS A BREEZY  
ROW WITH MR. WM. H. BAILEY OF THE "HERALD."



HENRY MCCABE,  
THE SAILOR CHARGED WITH ASSAULTING LAWYER HOWARD  
OF VALPARAISO, IND., IN A CHICAGO LUMBER YARD.



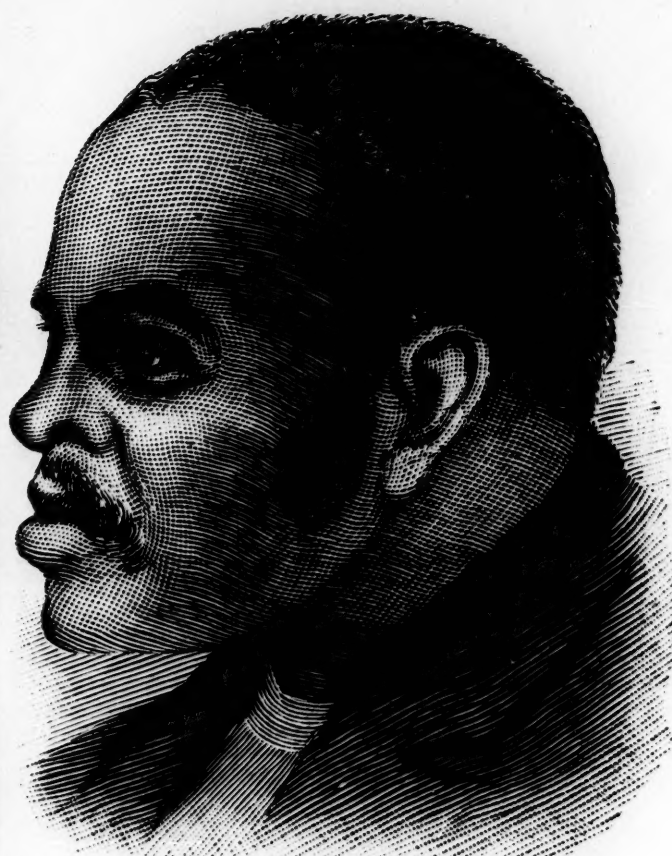
THEY CHUMMED IN WITH HORSE THIEVES.  
TWO CONVICTS WHO ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON AT TAHLE-  
QUAH, INDIAN TERR., HAVE A FIGHT WITH SHERIFFS.



WILLIAM HERBST,  
EX-PRESIDENT OF GLEN ROCK BANK, CONVICTED, WITH HIS SON  
JACOB, IN MISAPPLYING FUNDS OF THE BANK, PHILADELPHIA.



KILLED BY A CRIPPLE.  
DANIEL MACKAY, A TEAMSTER, IS SHOT BY JAMES ENGLISH, A  
CONDUCTOR, AFTER A DESPERATE FIGHT AT CHICAGO, ILL.



WILLIAM PATTERSON,  
ONE OF THE NEGRO SLAYERS OF JENNIE BOWMAN SENTENCED TO  
BE HANGED ALONG WITH TURNER AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



# BOTH BEWITCHED

A Philadelphia Woman is Mesmerized by a Villain and Falls Under his Influence.

## ANOTHER CASE.

That of a Pennsylvania Girl Who Runs Off With Her Father's Colored Coachman.

### UNACCOUNTABLE FOLLY.

Our Philadelphia correspondent, May 21, says: Mary Emily Babbington, a voluptuous little blonde, with large blue eyes and a complexion all peaches and cream, applied to Lawyer William P. Swope May 20 for legal advice. The object of her visit was a most peculiar one.



THE BEGINNING OF THE THREE-YEARS DREAM.

She sought to be relieved from the bonds of matrimony by divorce, and at the same time to have a legal restraint put upon her husband's will power. She told a most remarkable story, and produced what appeared to be very strong documentary proof to support it. She was married, she said, in 1877, to William E. Babbington, believing him to be at that time a bank clerk. The marriage took place in New York City, and was, so the wife averred, a compulsory one. She became acquainted with Babbington in the summer of 1876 at the Centennial grounds in this city. He then represented himself as the son of a prominent broker in New York, and said he was spending his vacation in studying up the industries of the country as shown in the great Exposition.

One evening in July he invited the young woman—whose maiden name, by the way, was Griffiths—to accompany him to an ice-cream saloon in the vicinity of the Centennial Buildings. He conducted her to a private parlor, and after the refreshments had been eaten conversation on various subjects ensued, finally drifting to the subjects of mesmerism and spiritualism.

Babbington told the young woman that he was thoroughly up in both sciences, and that from the first moment he saw her he knew she would make either a good medium or a good subject for a mesmerist. She banteringly replied that she did not believe him, and dared him to prove the truth of his assertion.

He instantly replied that he himself possessed mesmerism power, and would, with Miss Griffiths' permission, exercise it then and there.

"For three years after that night," said Mrs. Babbington, "I lived like one in a dream." This is the strange and almost incredible part of the woman's story. On July 28, 1878, she accompanied Babbington to Hartford, Conn. She knew, she said, that she was traveling on a railroad, and that she was leaving Philadelphia, but she had no power of her own to say whether she would or would not take the trip. Arrived at Hartford she was placed in a house and put to bed, where she slept for three consecutive days. When she awakened she found she had lost nearly all recollection of her former life. She was visited every day by Babbington, who treated her with the utmost respect and never as much as made even a suggestion of an improper character. They left Hartford in September and traveled through different cities in the West until February, 1877, when they came East again and went to the city of New York. During this trip Miss Griffiths never stopped in the same hotel with Babbington in any of the towns visited.

The young woman declared that during all the time between July, 1878, and February, 1877, she was in a hypnotic condition.

On the 28th of February Babbington took his subject

to the house of a minister and was there married to her. They took lodgings on West Fifty-fifth street. On the morning succeeding the marriage the newly-made bride awoke to find herself in her normal condition. She could not realize that she had been so many months away from her home in Philadelphia. She distinctly remembered her first meeting with Babbington, the visit to the ice-cream saloon, the trip to Hartford, and then the trip West, but it seemed to her like a dream. She burst into tears and begged the man at her side to tell her what had happened. Babbington seemed very much surprised at the sudden change in the woman's mental state.



THE MORNING AFTER HER MARRIAGE SHE AWOKE IN HER NORMAL CONDITION.

He recalled to her the conversation that had taken place in 1876, and asked her if she did not remember her marriage. The question started a train of thought, and she suddenly realized the truth. Her husband did not give her much time for reflection, for, as she averted in her libel, he immediately placed her in a hypnotic condition by stroking her forehead with the tips of his fingers. Mrs. Babbington claims that she remained in this abnormal state until the latter part of 1879, when her husband, for some unknown reason, suddenly left her.

Ten days later she became herself again, and went through all the horrors of her first realization of what had taken place since 1876. Her purse contained a few dollars, but how the money came there she knew not. She came to Philadelphia and, after a wearisome search, succeeded in finding her parents, to whom she told her story, but very naturally was not believed. She lived quietly without hearing anything of her husband until Christmas Day, 1880, when she was alarmed and surprised to receive a letter from him bidding her to come to New York instantly, and threatening her with dire vengeance if she refused to comply. Notwithstanding her remarkable experience, the little woman was frightened into obedience. She repaired to New York and met her husband, as directed, in a resort for crooks, on Twenty-ninth street, near Broadway. No sooner did she face him than he again exerted the mysterious influence which she claims he possessed and placed her again in his power. She was then induced to form an acquaintance of an elderly gentleman stopping at the Astor House, and to induce him to visit her husband in a house on Bleeker street, the exact location of which she does not now remember. The strain on Mrs. Babbington's nervous system after this had been accomplished was so great that she fainted, and upon her restoration to consciousness she found herself again in her normal condition.

She was seated in an inner room, the door of which was ajar. She saw her husband and two companions sitting behind a desk. The old gentleman stood in front of them and there seemed to be some sort of a controversy in progress. She heard the old man exclaim: "I have lost \$2,000 and you are a set of scoundrels," and saw him attempt to clutch one of the men



SHE WITNESSES A CRIME IN WHICH HER HUSBAND IS CONCERNED.

by the throat. A terrible fight followed, and the old gentleman, who appeared to be a powerful man, was beaten almost to death. Half frightened out of her senses, but with sufficient will power left to attempt to escape, the woman made her way through the rear into a small alley, thence to the street. She reached a ferry to Jersey City, and while waiting for a train for Philadelphia was suddenly confronted by her husband, who ordered her to accompany him. The command, she said, she was unable to resist, and she returned to New York. She begged and pleaded that she should not again be placed under that awful spell which she had no power to resist, and promised anything to re-

main in her natural state. Her husband agreed to this, but made her swear that she would obey him in all things. For nearly a year she endured a living death.

In that time she discovered through circumstances that daily came to her notice that her husband was one of the gang of dangerous confidence men, chief among whom was Steve Raymond and Charley Miller, afterward killed by Billy Treacy. She solemnly declares in her complaint that she took no part in any of the numerous schemes to defraud with which her husband and his associates were connected, but, on the contrary, did everything in her power to wean her husband from his evil companions. In this she was un-

away frequently. On every occasion of this kind it was his custom to have his pair of horses hitched up and be driven to the depot, some distance away. His daughter, who was passionately fond of riding and driving, never failed to accompany her father and Thompson on these trips, she invariably driving both to the depot and return.

Wesner had been away for the past week, and on Thursday morning his wife received word to have Thompson meet him at the depot on the arrival of the 4 P. M. train that day. Soon after noon Thompson began to get the horses ready, when Mrs. Wesner interfered, saying it was too early. Then it was learned that Ida had previously expressed a desire to start an hour or two earlier, that she might have a drive through the country before going to the depot. As every wish of the girl was gratified, this was no exception, and an hour later they drove away.

Several days previous to this the girl had secretly taken from her wardrobe some of her best clothing and deposited them in a house midway between her home and the depot. Twenty minutes after they had left the Wesner mansion they drew up at this house, took the packages and drove to the depot just in time to catch the west-bound train. Before the train started, Thompson asked a bystander to look out for the team until he or Mr. Wesner came for it. Precisely at four o'clock Mr. Wesner arrived and saw the team and, after five or ten minutes' impatient waiting for Thompson, whom he supposed was somewhere in the neighborhood, he jumped in and drove home without him.

As Mr. Wesner drove up to the house, his wife said that he was alone, and the terrible suspicion of an accident or elopement dawned upon her. She rushed to the gate, flung herself into her husband's arms, and exclaimed, "Where's Ida?" Mr. Wesner was as yet in total ignorance of everything, and maintained his usual composure until he learned what the trouble was. Then, after hearing what his wife suspected, he hurried to his daughter's room to see if anything had been removed. In a conspicuous place on the marble slab of the bureau lay the following letter:

THURSDAY NOON.

DEAREST MAMMA—Are you the slightest intimation of my conduct, or what I am fully convinced the world will call disgrace, I will be the wife of William Thompson, and so far away from my once happy home that all efforts you and dear papa may make to reach me will be in vain. That I have now and forever forfeited that parental affection which was so lavishly bestowed on me ever and always; that I have made the home of my childhood desolate by robbing you and papa of that comfort and happiness which I know my presence



THE END OF THE DREAM—HE KISSED HER GOOD BYE.

always gave is true, but my passion was no longer under the dominion of reason, and while I do not attempt to mention any circumstances that would in any degree palliate my conduct, for that is impossible, yet in pity for my feelings and the future, whatever that will be, let me say I am not wholly to blame. Thompson had an irresistible power over me, which even now I cannot explain. I was only happy in his presence. Seeing that I was completely at his command, he proposed elopement and marriage. My conscience strongly reproached me, but his solicitations grew more fervent, and I at last consented. The plans were arranged a week ago, and will be successfully carried out to-day. The full measure of my blind infatuation will be more quickly realized by you, and you may ask: "Did I not know Thompson was already married?" You also might say: "If the perfidious wretch abandoned the faithful wife he leaves behind, what, though he was my equal, could I expect from him?" These questions are now too late. I weighed them all, and knew I was doing wrong, but was powerless to prevent what is now too late to be undone. Good-by—forever good-by. Your affectionate and perhaps unfortunate,

IDA.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of the unhappy parents as they gazed on the written acknowledgment of their only child's ruin and disgrace, and in company with friends they started in hot haste to the station and boarded a West-bound train, telegraphing inquiries ahead. Their search was kept up until late last night, but no trace of the eloping couple could be found. It is possible that they went to some of the large cities, where detection will not be so easy, especially in the negro settlements.

The broken-hearted parents returned home in the hope that, ere it is too late, the good sense of their daughter will assert itself; that she will see the error of her ways and return home. Thompson had been employed by Mr. Wesner over three years, and was a faithful and trusted man. At no time was there any thing ever seen in the way of familiarity or undue intimacy between him and Ida that would arouse suspicion. Thompson's wife will be taken care of by the Wesners.

### TWINS ALL ROUND.

While it appears hereditary in certain families to have twin children, Bernard Schwartz, one of the wealthiest citizens of Salem, Ill., is remarkably fortunate in not having twins confined to his family. Frank and Joe, two of his children, the popular druggists of this city, are twins. In 1888, one of his mares had twin horse colts; eight years afterward another had twin male colts, and this week one of his cows had twins, also males.



# PARIS UNVEILED.

Still Another Glimpse into  
the Great World of  
French Misery.

## PICKPOCKETS.

The Light-Fingered Gentlemen From  
England, Germany, Italy and Spain,  
Who Rival the Natives.

### A CURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

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"It does. They have a trick, among others, of offering their victims drugged cigars. In some instances death has followed."

"What sort of creatures are these first-class thieves?"

"A great many of them are highly educated and have the most refined and luxurious tastes. That is much in their favor, for they cannot bear to live out of Paris, and when they make a big haul they invariably come to the capital to spend it. To head them off and keep them under control, I have established a corps of special officers who confine themselves exclusively to hunting down and shadowing professionals. They stick to their trail like bloodhounds, and sometimes pay for their diligence and fidelity with their lives. Officers and crooks employ the same agencies, tricks, devices and disguises. To oppose the constantly increasing host of rogues and vagabonds, most of them highly accomplished and exceptionally intelligent, we need another army of at least equally shrewd and industrious officers."

"During the International Exposition of 1887 two hundred pickpockets were caught in the very act of committing their depredations. It was while arresting these malefactors that the detective police made a very curious and interesting discovery."

"Thirty of the pickpockets were supplied with stop watches, made with independent second hands, all exactly alike in every particular. There were no clues to the name and residence of the manufacturer. On each case was a star, etched with a needle."

"When brought face to face these fellows pretended not to know each other. They were all convicted without any confession being extorted from them, and were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment."

"Carried in the right pocket of each man's vest, the watches served for a badge and tallying mark by means of which these international rogues recognized and identified each other."

"Quite recently I learned that a rich American, business unknown, who spoke several languages, had ordered for the Exposition of 1887 one hundred watches of exactly this description, costing five hundred francs (\$100) apiece. The thirty we seized on the persons of the thieves we apprehended were, beyond question, some of that lot."

"A member of the gang, as you will perceive, who turned up missing at the designated hour, meant one of them in police custody. The signal for the disappearance of the whole crowd, therefore, was the non-appearance of a single enlisted thief."

"This proves that what we call Pickpocket Masonry dates as far back as 1887. Since then the confederated thieves have turned up on all occasions—on steamboats, on railroads, at parades and processions, and especially on the race tracks. They are always to be found 'working' wherever crowds are gathered together. They are especially busy in mass-meetings where much enthusiasm is displayed."

"The true pickpocket is an ordinary, commonplace, low-born, ill-bred criminal. A good many of them are known elsewhere as people of established position—sometimes even of respectability. Some of them are saloon keepers or cigar dealers. Others are jewelers or dealers in the precious metals. All of them have the appearance of honest tradespeople. They only practice their criminal trade during 'business hours.' The rest of the time they enjoy themselves as gentlemen of leisure."

"The English pickpocket is the best known. You run across him everywhere; but that does not imply that he is the most skillful or the most prosperous. He enjoys a reputation, which is a good deal better than he is entitled to. He is stiff and mechanical, and though his hands and fingers are nimble and well trained, he goes too much by rule."

"He is a tireless walker and, in the course of a single day, manages to 'take in' all the crowded parts of Paris. So great is his pedestrianism that he wears out the officers who are shadowing him in hopes of getting him 'dead to rights.' He is, also, remarkable for his caution. He never 'takes chances.' He never stays more than ten minutes in one place, and never goes through two victims in the same crowd. There is an exception to be noted to this general rule in the case of the race-tracks. There he is emboldened by the excitement and general heedlessness, and commits robbery after robbery, often without moving once. He is the only cool man in a sea of wild enthusiasm and uproar."

"His favorite haunt at the races is the paddock in which the jockeys are weighed."

"Dressed in the height of fashion and backed up by skillful accomplices, he works like a dramatic star supported by a well trained and thoroughly rehearsed company. When a rich sportsman approaches a book-maker's stand with a view to entering a bet, some of the gang get in his way while others hustle him in the rear. Surrounded by a crowd of men who, so he thinks, are bent on betting, like himself, he is shoved and bodied from one to another like a big rubber ball. As soon as he grows giddy and loses his head, the chief operator watches his opportunity and 'snatches' his valuables. The plunder at once flies

from hand to hand until it is far beyond all chance of recovery."

"As soon as a haul is made the gang disperses, and its members keep apart for awhile, amusing themselves as best they can. By and by they tackle a fresh victim and go through the performance exactly as before. At the end of the day the 'takings' are compared and added up, in the most business-like way possible to imagine, and each man receives his share."

"These English pickpockets have their signals and their system, just as the police have. They inform each other, under the code, whether business is good or bad, and it is a curious fact that they never give any information or encouragement to operators of another nationality."

"Generally speaking, all Northern born pickpockets are alike. English, Russian, Poles and Germans are all cold, methodical, audacious and persistent. They scarcely ever let go of a chosen victim until they have cleared him out."

"The German's specialty is the 'run-in'—a name applied to the act of knocking so violently against a person as to confuse him to a degree enabling the thief to 'snatch' his money or jewelry."

"To carry out his plans, he takes as a partner any kind of pal who may turn up, no matter whether he be English, Italian, Spanish or French. When he works he never bothers his head about the risks he runs, and he does not lose a minute. As soon as he sees a victim putting something valuable in one of his pockets, he sticks to him like a shadow and only quits him when he has collared all his available property. He seldom hangs around the big shops or the race courses, and operates principally in big banking houses and other financial establishments. There he posts himself to see who receives large sums of cash and where it is placed by the receivers. He snatches the pocketbook the moment he has located it, before the victim, in some instances, has made a dozen steps."

"Another German specialty is the 'lifting' of a cash box while the man in charge of it is distracted by something else. This kind of robbery generally takes place in banks, where large sums of money are to be seen. The thieves begin by becoming thoroughly acquainted with the various locations, entrances and exits. Then they operate with security and confidence."

"Whenever a German is caught 'dead to rights' he calls himself a 'bookmaker.' But he never gives his real name or address. Though he may have been convicted a dozen times, it is only by good luck that we can ever make sure of the fact. It is a safe rule that he is always sentenced under an alias."

"It is not from the North alone that we get our pickpockets. Italy and Spain supply us with a good number of 'artists,' who are easily recognized by their black hair and dark complexions."

"Spanish pickpockets deserve a special mention. They are just as pious as they are rascally, and wear all manner of chaplets and relics and scapulars. In fact, they place their trade under the special protection and patronage of the Holy Virgin."

"The moment they are arrested they drop on their knees and invoke the Madonna and all the saints to prove their innocence. No matter how overwhelming the evidence against them, they declare that they are wrongfully convicted and call heaven to witness that they are the victims of mistaken identity or official malice."

"These Spanish thieves go to work much as their English confreres. As soon as rogues of either nationality make a haul they go to the nearest drinking house and imbibe several drinks of brandy to put heart in them, as the phrase goes."

"The Italian pickpocket is easily the best and smartest of all. He knows and thoroughly appreciates his superiority, and sneers at the entire police of Europe. He goes on 'working' the same neighborhood incessantly, without caring a particle for the fact that the officers of the law are on the look out for him. But, in the long run, his audacity ruins him, for he slips up when he least expects it, and the police seize him."

"He is the artist of crime, is the Italian."

"The Frenchman is eclectic. He trains with 'pals' of every other nationality, and he 'works' according to their rules. But in a convention of pickpockets the Italian would be unanimously chosen president. His elegant manners, his sprightliness and his courtesy make him especially dangerous. As soon as he descends a victim, he brushes up against him, very lightly, and then apologizes so gracefully that the victim is too charmed and flattered to realize that he is being robbed."

"From the point of view of dexterity, the Spaniard is the Italian's only rival. He, likewise, operates with ease and subtlety and lightness of hand."

"A pickpocket never wears a glove on his right hand, and, usually, as a cover to his operations, he carries a light overcoat over his left arm. In winter he would attract attention if he carried the overcoat on his left arm, so he replaces it with a big silk neckerchief. At the entrance of a church or theatre he uses his hat as a shield."

"The operation of pocket-picking is a most delicate one. Two fingers only are inserted in the pocket. In the lightest and daintiest manner they seize the pocket-book, which is held suspended for two seconds that the owner may not feel a sudden jar. At the same instant the confederate, who is in the rear, pushes against the victim. The victim turns to see what is the matter and in another moment his pocketbook has vanished."

"When the pocket is deep or closed by a button, the pickpocket is momentarily—only momentarily—re-pulsed. The next instant his whole hand is inserted and the thing is done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### HENRY McCABE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Henry McCabe, a sailor, is locked up in Chicago for the murder of J. M. Howard, the Valparaiso, Ind., attorney, whose body was found in a lumber yard near Archer avenue and Twenty-second street, last Sunday week. The police are confident that their prisoner is the man, and that Howard did not come to his death by accident, but was murdered.

McCabe is about thirty-three years old, and wears a moustache and a small goatee. He is married, but does not live with his wife, and has been frequently arrested before, but for minor offenses. He claims he was not near the lumber yard the night of the murder; that he was at a friend's house many blocks away, and that he stayed with this friend all night.

The police have investigated his statement and find that it is false. They say they have a sure case against him, and that it is little use for him to try to establish an alibi.

Howard was about fifty years old, and for some time past had been trying to secure a position in the pension office. He was the local attorney for Porter County, Ind., for the Nickel Plate road, and was once prosperous, but of late years was unsuccessful because of drink.

## FEMALE GAMBLERS.

How They Prosper in the Good City of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Not a great distance from Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, upon a prominent thoroughfare, stands an elegant residence, which is just now much frequented by some ladies of good standing in Cincinnati. The residence is really a mansion. Situated upon a knoll, a number of feet above the level of the street, its broad stone steps present a marked appearance, and its stone front, with large, deep windows, and massive mahogany double doors, would attract attention even in that thoroughly aristocratic suburb, Clifton. This house has a history, and about its rooms and its grand saloon parlors are crowded wonderful memories. They are of days when King Faro held high carnival in that city, and when money was as plentiful among men about town as the drops of dew upon the leaves of a forest monarch of a spring morning.

It was only a few nights ago that two young ladies might have been seen ascending the broad steps leading to this residence. They were elegantly attired and were accompanied by a colored female servant. As they approached the house they glanced nervously about them. They were strangers out of place. Then in a twinkling of the eye they were up the steps and inside the vestibule, where they were hidden away from the eyes of any inquisitive stranger passing along the street. In a few moments others passed in, acting in much the same manner. Two of the leaders were recognized by an Enquirer reporter who happened along that way and he stopped. Standing there a few moments a hand rested upon his shoulder and a questioner saluted him with:

"Do you know what's going on in there?"

Turning around, a well-known young man about town was recognized, and the Enquirer reporter acknowledged his ignorance.

"Why, there's female poker; nothing else," was the astonishing reply. "Those ladies come here to play poker. Some of the wealthiest in the city gather at this house, and I hear they have some pretty stiff games occasionally."

That this was in the nature of a surprise goes without saying. The reporter then determined upon a little investigation. In a moment he was standing in front of the doors which had so shortly before closed behind the young ladies. A light pull at the door-bell and he stood before a pretty little servant, who sweetly inquired what was wanted. A quiet talk and a piece of silver slipped into her hand had the effect of making everything all right. Then the reporter was shown up the broad staircase to a room near the head of the stairs. Nervously the servant pointed to the room and whispered that from there could be heard what was going on in an adjoining room in which the female gamblers were gathered. The reporter stepped in and closed the door behind himself. Scarcely had this been done than in a sweet, feminine voice, came from the next room:

"What have you got?"

"Aces and kings," was next heard, followed by the exclamation, "Goodness gracious!" evidently from the first lady, who had no doubt lost. The reporter looked about, and while he listened to the clicking of the poker-chips, sought to get a glance at the fair players. A door led from the room in which he had entered to the other.

Over it had been a transom, but for some reason it had been removed. Through that came the sounds of the voices, and the reporter mounting a chair was able to get a view of the scenes in the room. Seated about a table were six young ladies. In front of each were more or less poker-chips. One charming brunette, who wore a dress of some bright stuff, toyed nervously with three or four chips, and it took but a glance to show that she had been losing. Another, her senior, with bright eyes, occasionally gave forth a merry laugh, and it didn't take a professional long to settle down to the fact that she was a winner. The others about the table had been playing in varying luck. Seated near the tables were several young ladies who watched the progress of the game with the greatest interest. Another slipped some light wine close by and nibbled at a piece of cake taken from a stand which bore more of the same. The colored servant was snugly resting in a great rocker. It was a strange sight. There was but little talking, and the faces of the players photographed most clearly their feelings of disappointment or pleasure as they won or lost, as the case might be.

"Cora, you ought to have bet more money. If I had that hand I would have won something," said the young lady who had been losing to one of the ladies who had not shown much pluck in betting on three queens.

"But I have been losing," came back from Cora, "and I had but little confidence in the hand."

"Besides, you know, she does not know how to play as well as you do, Clara," said the lady who had been winning all along, and who now was piqued at having lost that time.

"Oh, my! I suppose you know all about it," said Clara, with a toss of her shapely head.

Thus the game went on, at one time one winning and then another. The limit was only \$1.50, but from remarks dropped by several of the ladies it appeared that that was an off night, they sometimes playing as high as a \$7.50 limit. At last the young lady addressed as Clara, who had lost right along, arose from the table.

She was, to use a vulgar expression, broke. It was Clara who had come with the young lady and colored servant who had first attracted the reporter's attention. She was out of humor at having lost, and insisted upon going home. This had the effect of breaking up the game, and the reporter beat a hasty retreat down stairs. A moment later he saw three of the fair poker players pass him at the corner of Fourth. They had nothing to say to each other. All had lost.

This, it was afterwards learned, is one of several places where ladies gather to indulge in the favorite pastime of playing poker. Many young ladies play the game, but do not go so deep as some who frequent this mansion in the central part of the city.

#### A DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

Two Young Bloods, While on a Spree, Indulge in a Practical Joke.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our correspondent at St. Paul, Minn., writes: Of all the practical jokes that have been the delight of a certain coterie of young bloods in St. Paul since the traditional days of the early '60s, the worst was perpetrated the other afternoon. Three young men one of whom was mixed up in a disgraceful escapade a few weeks ago, have been painting the city in lurid

hues since Sunday. As a matter of course their company has not been of the best, and to betray their whereabouts of nights would be an advertisement of places of ill repute. Yesterday afternoon two of the party abandoned the third, who lay in a drunken stupor in a room under the shadow of the Metropolitan hotel, and proceeding to a well known undertaking establishment made the solemn announcement that "the colonel" was dead, and they wanted a coffin prepared. As "the colonel" was well known in business circles, the report was rapidly circulated, causing much pain and a nervous shock to his many friends, from which they will not soon recover. The jokers then went to a lively stable and hired a hearse: two roughly clad darkies were decorated with white gloves and the usual emblems of mourning in the form of crape on the hat and sleeve. An effort was made to secure eight messenger boys to act as pallbearers, but they could not be spared from their duties for so long a time. Shortly after 4 o'clock the hearse containing a cheap coffin, covered with flowers, followed by a hansom bearing the colored mourners, was driven down West Third street.

The jokers followed on foot, and the cavalcade halted in front of a saloon, where everybody had a drink. The mourners were here instructed to "get that box in the house, and you'll get \$10 each." One of the jokers stated that "the corpse was pickled in spirits, and there would be no offensive smell in placing it in the coffin." The procession headed for its destination, a house of ill fame on Washington street, where "the colonel" was asleep, followed by a crowd of children, and almost before the inmates of the house knew what had happened the coffin was unloaded by the sable attendants. A swarm of white skirted sirens gathered in the street about the hearse. The driver, who, until this time, supposed his errand was genuine, barely waited until the indignant women shoved the coffin again into the hearse, and drove away at a speed that betokened his state of mind. An hour later the darkies were seen on Wabasha street awaiting the fees that had been promised them. After the coffin had been removed, the jokers went to the house to explain away their folly, but were denied admittance. The last seen of them they were pounding on the back door with little hope of success. Meanwhile, "the colonel" was given some tips that sobered him thoroughly, and he is in search of the foolish young men that sought to make him the butt of what may prove a very serious joke.

#### A NOTORIOUS THUG SHOT.

William Carroll, familiarly known as Billy, the most notorious thug of Wilmington, Del., proprietor of the Casino of Music, a low dive, was shot early the morning of May 30 by Robert Frankford, a bartender at the National Hotel, another notorious resort. There has been bad blood between the two men for several years, originating, it is said, in domestic troubles. The two men were playing cards, when a dispute arose over some point in the game. This brought up a dispute over a prize fight which was to have taken place last winter in Carroll's place, but did not come off owing to the influence of Frankford.

After both men had become abusive, Carroll sent a friend after a revolver. When it came he started for Frankford and struck him twice with the pistol, discharging one barrel. Frankford jumped aside and the ball grazed his cheek. Frankford then drew a revolver from under the bar and coolly shot Carroll in the mouth. The ball broke a tooth, passed through the tongue, palate and through the neck to the spinal column, probably fracturing one of the vertebrae. He has been unconscious most of the time since. No sympathy is felt for the man here. His dive was the lowest resort of thieves and thugs in the city. His wife said:

"Billy deserves what he got. He has been looking for his match for twelve years and now he has found it."

Carroll is rapidly sinking and will probably die before morning. Frankford surrendered himself to the police and was locked up.

#### CRAZED ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Frank J. Harwood, a well-known lawyer of Canandaigua, N. Y., was to have been married the other evening to Miss Kittle Moran, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. The time set for the nuptials arrived, but the bridegroom failed to appear. At seven o'clock the guests sat down to the table and disposed of the beautiful wedding supper, and the father of the prospective bride stated that on account of the non-appearance of the groom the wedding could not take place. Miss Moran is one of the most popular and beautiful young ladies in town, and the affair has caused a great sensation.

Various causes are assigned for Mr. Harwood's failure to appear, but the most plausible is that his mind has been unhinged by protracted ill health. He is supposed to have left on the morning train on Wednesday westward, although he told several parties that he was going to Clifton Springs to take a Turkish bath. Mr. Harwood is well known in Canandaigua and in Rochester, and it is supposed that he was wandering away in a fit of delirium, and may possibly be in the latter city. Miss Moran was very much shocked. Harwood's friends claim that the cause for his unseemly action is that he is either crazy or dead.

#### FIGHTING FOUR HOURS WITH A CONSTABLE.

A special from Lincoln, Neb., May 30, says: Constable Jacoby was at Mrs. Glenan's house last night to notify her to appear in court to-day. A short time afterward Mr. Glenan came in, and a row ensued. The constable retreated, but Glenan pursued. He then grappled with Glenan, receiving a terrible cut over the head with a club. Here the struggle for life began, which ended a mile from the house at about 3 o'clock in the morning, after four hours' fighting. Jacoby's skull was fractured and his face beaten in. He will die. Glenan is badly used up, but not fatally injured. One of Glenan's children was struck by a rock thrown by him and will die.

#### WILLIE CLARK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish an excellent portrait of Willie Clark, the celebrated Philadelphia 120-pounder. This game young bantam is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 feet 7 and, in condition, weighs 120 pounds. He has been engaged in events with Johnny Murphy, Tommy Warren, Tommy Danforth and Lew Erb. His last battle, with Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, was fought near Tarrytown, and after showing lionine courage the brave little Philadelphiaian was defeated.

#### HIS EYE KNOCKED OUT BY A CHIP.

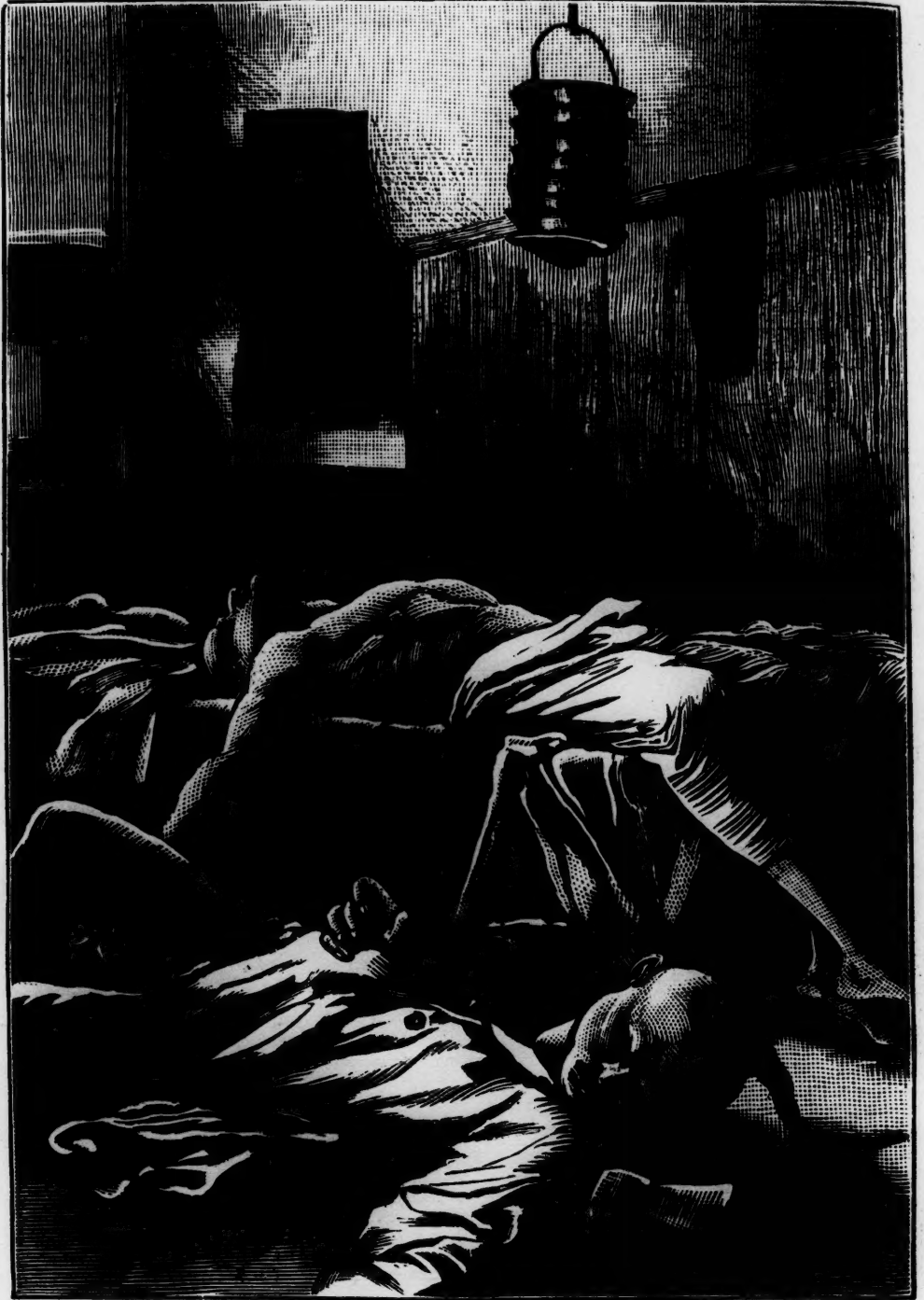
William Kerr, of Wellsville, Pa., while chopping a tree, was struck in the face by a large chip. His right eye was forced out of the socket and hung on his cheek, the lids completely closing over the gaping wound. The eye was skillfully replaced, but it is doubtful if the victim will ever recover its use.





RAN AGAINST A RAZOR.

MIKE MCCARTY AND JOHN MADDEN HAVE A DESPERATE BATTLE AT SPRINGFIELD, WASHINGTON COUNTY, KY.



IT LOOKED LIKE A SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

TWO CHINAMEN HAVE A TERRIBLE AND BLOODY FIGHT IN A LAUNDRY AT UNION CITY, INDIANA.



TRYING TO BLOW UP A WIDOW.

MRS. RICHEY, A PRETTY DRESSMAKER OF THE TOWN OF VINCENNES, INDIANA, COMPLAINS OF A WICKED CONSPIRACY AGAINST HER.





HE SAVED TWO LIVES.

DID BRAVE MICHAEL HAMMOND, A WILKESBARRE, PA., FREIGHT TRAIN CONDUCTOR, BUT AFTERWARD LOST HIS OWN.



SHE GOT THERE.

A VERY FAT LADY ESCORTED BY A VERY THIN DUDE SUCCEEDS IN CATCHING A TRAIN AT PITTSBURG, PA.



A FATAL PANIC.

THE KERRVILLE, TENNESSEE, ACADEMY GIVES AN ANNUAL EXHIBITION WHICH RESULTS IN A BIG BLAZE AND A GREAT SCARE.



HE DECLINES ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

HOW PAT SHEEDY PROTECTS HIS PRIVATE CHAMPION FROM ROUGH TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF BELLIGERENT YANKEE FARMERS.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Barney Scannell, the heavy-weight English boxer, is coming to this country.

Jack Burgess, the well-known pugilist, has had the third finger of his left hand amputated. We understand that Burgess had his finger bitten in a row with Jim Cusick of the Eighth Ward of this city.

At the "Police Gazette" office May 27 Richard K. Fox received \$1,000 and a challenge from Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete and swordsman, to E. W. Johnson, the well-known professional all-round athletic champion, to compete in a series of Caledonian games, the best seven in eleven for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side and the championship of America. Ross also agrees to allow Capt. James C. Daly to compete if he will put up the same amount of stakes as Johnston. The latter is trainer for the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and it is understood that they will find \$1,000 for a match with Duncan C. Ross.

One of the main topics in prize ring circles is the forthcoming battle between Jimmy Mitchell and Jimmy Carney for \$1,000 a side. Judging from the great battle Mitchell made with Paddy Smith, and his eagerness for to meet all comers, the battle will be a desperate one, for Carney has a reputation well earned in the prize ring circles on the other side. Arthur Chambers, who is backing Mitchell, believes that his champion will win. The contest will be worth a long journey to witness. After the rival champions have settled who is the best man, Jack McAuliffe will be matched against the winner for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. McAuliffe's backer has already deposited \$250, which proves that a match will follow, no matter whether Carney conquers Mitchell or the latter knocks out Carney.

Jack Kilrain, the new champion pugilist, arrived in this city May 27 and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and had a long conversation with Richard K. Fox, his backer. In reference to the challenge of Paddy Ryan, Kilrain said: "You know a champion must meet all comers or give up the title, and I stand ready to fight all comers for the Police Gazette diamond belt and \$5,000 a side, no matter whether it is Sullivan, Paddy Ryan or the English champion, John Smith." Richard K. Fox has \$1,000 now deposited, and if Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, or any one, covers the money, Richard K. Fox will arrange the match. Richard K. Fox said he did not believe Paddy Ryan was in earnest, but if he was, the best way for his backers to do was to put up a deposit. Kilrain weighs 190 pounds. He looks well, and a large crowd followed him from the POLICE GAZETTE office.

The boxing exhibition given by Jack Kilrain and Charley Mitchell on May 28, at Recreation Hall, this city, attracted a large crowd, but because the authorities would not permit the men to do any hard hitting, the crowd, who supposed they would see a regular gladiatorial contest, were dissatisfied. If the authorities had allowed the men to box on their merits there would have been no dissatisfaction. But no one could blame Kilrain or Mitchell simply because they did not attempt to do what would have caused the affair to have been stopped. Mitchell and Kilrain boxed four rounds, and it was a clever and scientific display, and proved that Kilrain is greatly improved. There was also boxing by Billy Davis and Jack Kenney, both featherweights. By some mischance Billy hit Jack so hard in the second round as to tap his claret. Billy Dacey and George Taylor, the colored light weight champion, next had a lively set to of three rounds and a wind-up, in which they pounded each other in a lively fashion and brought down the house. Dacey was the more scientific and harder hitter of the two. Sweeney and Clark, light-weights, next had three rattling rounds that made the crowd excited. They were followed by Homer Lane and Black Sam in a wrestling bout. Lane won the first and third falls.

A tremendous crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on May 25, to witness the posting of \$200 a side, in the prize ring encounter between Johnny Files, of Chicago, and Johnny Regan, of New York, who are matched to fight for \$700, at catch-weights. Among the sporting men present were: Jack Carkeek, the champion wrestler of the Northwest; Alf Power, John Regan, Leonard Tracey, Nick Thompson, David F. Roche, Alexander McGuire, Thomas Foley, Paddy Smith, Thomas Glass, T. Quinn, F. Nelson, Matsada Sorakichi, J. Campbell, Miss W. Gibbons and a host of others. According to the articles of agreement, signed on April 28, each side had to post \$200 a side and select a referee, and if they failed to agree, Richard K. Fox had to appoint one. After Billy Reed had posted \$200 Leonard Tracey counted out \$200, with the \$150 a side up, made the \$350 a side. The money was handed to Richard K. Fox, and then Files, Tracey, Alf Powers and Billy Reed retired to Richard K. Fox's private office to select a referee. Alf Smith, Jerry Dunn and Charley Johnson were named, also Frank Stevenson; finally it was agreed that he should fill the position. Both Files and Regan were present, and both showed the evidence of hard training. The arrangements for the mill were then completed, and it was agreed the battle should be brought off on June 17 at a well-known resort near Rockaway.

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, May 24, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—Under date of May 22nd inst. a letter appears from Pat Sheedy, explaining or at least making a feeble attempt to do away with the assertion previously made by that august and well-informed (?) gentleman that Kilrain was a coward, not because he challenged John L., but because he did not knock out John Goode and the "Prussian." Well, if failing to knock out two individuals constitute being a coward, let me use his own argument and see from his point of view how his protégé would stand under such a critical examination. If I remember rightly, and I credit myself with having a retentive memory, one Greenfield stood in front of the then champion for the stated number of rounds and did not quit; it being admitted that Greenfield when he arrived on these shores was certainly in the sere and yellow leaf of his fighting days. Also Jack Burke withstood the onslaught of the famed gladiator, and remained to the finish. Again I have a faint recollection that Dominick McCaffrey faced the modern Hercules, and retired in good order, only to meet defeat eventually at the hands of an unknown. Perhaps Sheedy forgets all these facts. Well, that's not surprising, considering how recent has been his connection with pugilism. He also states that, having met Kilrain in Boston, he told him he would wager \$5,000 that Pat Kilrain, of Duluth, would whip him, and that he only laughed. Well, what else would a man like Kilrain do, after hearing Sheedy give vent to such an opinion, but laugh. If Pat Sheedy is still of that same opinion, and as John L. has relinquished the championship, by his own statement, let him not wait for the time to arrive when he will be at the ring side, but stroll into the *Clipper* office, place his money in safe keeping there, and he need not fear any unnecessary time will elapse before the opportunity arrives for him to have his anxious wish gratified, and be at the ring side. Who are the public to believe—Pat Sheedy or John L.? The former states emphatically that the latter's arm is too bad to make a match for an indefinite time, but John L. arrives in New York this week and performs feats unchronicled previously with the same said disabled arm, proving that it is not only as strong as formerly, but very much stronger, if anything, according to his assertion. Now comes a chance for Sheedy. Let him back Kilrain with the \$5,000 he speaks so largely about and it will immediately be covered, the fight to take place in Mexico. Will Sheedy do this? There are skeptics who say that the \$5,000 is only an imaginary one; then let him prove by accepting this challenge that these people, and their names is legion, are wholly misinformed. Again, he announces, in conjunction with the late champion, he intends starting bookmaking on the race course. That really seems about the only sensible arrangement which for a long time has emanated from the fertile brain of Pat Sheedy. It is an old proverb, "Let the cobbler stick to his awl," and Sheedy will find, if he has not already done so, by giving up his present venture and returning to his old chance occupation, which he is no doubt

proficient at, will in the end prove that he has some little knowledge of the world, though at present he is certainly showing up in a very indifferent light.

In conclusion, let Sheedy take up this gauntlet on behalf of his uncertain invalid; or, should his confidence not be sufficient—which latter seems to be the case—put up the \$5,000 that he is so reckless with and back Kilrain or any other man in America, and it will be immediately covered. No further proof is required by the public, I should think, than that Kilrain wishes his battles to be fought in the orthodox 24-foot ring and not in the columns of the newspaper press.

Hoping this will incite Sheedy to action, I remain,  
Yours respectfully,

WM. MADDEY.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent sends from Montreal the following additional particulars of the Gilmore and Hawkins mill: This city is in a state of excitement over a prize fight which, in spite of police interference and many other obstacles, came off within call of the police station, and was attended by some of the most prominent sporting men in this section. The men engaged were William Hawkins, of Winnipeg, and Harry Gilmore, whose recent fight with McAuliffe for the world's championship has brought him into prominence. The match came about as follows: About a year ago Hawkins and Gilmore met in a ten round fight at Ottawa, at which the men were so evenly matched that no decision could be arrived at. Ill feeling resulted, and for the year a good many efforts had been made to bring the men together without avail. At last, an Ottawa man determined to see the thing ended, and offered to match Hawkins against Gilmore at catch weights for \$250 a side, provided a purse of \$500 could be guaranteed. H. S. Phillips, backer of Gilmore in his championship fight, took up the gauntlet and a match was arranged, six weeks being allowed to train, and the date set for Wednesday. Unforeseen obstacles interfered and the date was changed to the following day. Fifty tickets were sold at ten dollars each, and an island near Montreal was chartered for the occasion. It was near the head of the Lachine rapids, outside the city, but the Police located the affair and stopped the principals. The fight was publicly declared off, but privately the tip was given to the interested to meet in a well-known down-town saloon and arrange for a meeting definitely. Here John P. Clow, of Denver, Colorado, representing Hawkins, and George Fulljames, representing Harry Gilmore, met, and with very little talking, agreed to meet in the city, with ten men on a side, and decide the question of superiority. Very quietly they set to work and, in a beautifully furnished room, from the floor of which the carpet had been raised, the ring was pitched. It was about twenty feet square and the room was well lighted by a big chandelier in the centre and smaller lamps round the sides of the room. The purse being made up, the men entered the ring at 1 o'clock this morning and took their corners. Hawkins wore a street coat to cover the upper portion of his body, his lower limbs being clothed with dark knickerbockers and a pair of homespun socks, his feet being encased in a pair of thick-soled lawn tennis shoes. Gilmore was enveloped in a big soft white blanket thrown loosely over his shoulders, wearing on his legs dark red knickerbockers, his feet being protected by his own peculiar make of athletic boots. On Hawkins' side were his seconds, John Clow (whose cool head was a great help to the Winnipeg man), and Paddy Murphy, of Portland, Me., an old friend of the fighter. Gilmore was attended by George Fulljames, his old antagonist, and George Koester. Gus Lambert, the wrestler and pug, was referee, and did his work thoroughly well. The gloves used were mere stout leather mits and were but an excuse for the name. All preliminaries being arranged time was called, and the men stepped to the centre of the ring and shook hands. Hawkins had all the best of the weight, and looked all of the 142 pounds claimed against him. Gilmore scaled 134 pounds and might have been finer and perhaps stronger at that. The style of the two men was very dissimilar. Gilmore all through kept up his reputation as the cleverest and best boxer of his weight living, his position being all grace and ease, in fact, too pretty to be effective. Hawkins is clever after his way, but relies on his terribly hard hitting and strength more than grace and style. He looks, in position, to the spectator a great subject for a cross-counter, but from the fact that Gilmore used his right very little evidently the man fighting him does not see it. Gilmore fights with his hands well up. Hawkins has more of the Dempsey style—hands loosely by the sides and a loose, undecided style of attack. The fight was under Queensberry rules and in detail was as follows:

ROUND 1—As the men stepped to the scratch after the preliminary shake, the difference in styles was very apparent. They worked round and round the ring for fully half a minute without a blow, each waiting for a chance to draw his man out. Hawkins seemed very slow in front of Gilmore. The Montrealer led with the left but was short, and a cross from Hawkins also missed. Gilmore jumped and landed with his left straight on the nose, smashing it clean across and opening a hole through which the blood poured in streams. This was first blood for Gilmore. Offers of \$100 to \$500 on Gilmore went begging.

2—On coming up for the second Hawkins dashed at Gilmore right and left and smashed the Montrealer to the corner, where Gilmore stopped him with a clever right-hand cross. Sparring for an opening occupied the rest of the round.

3—Both men swung heavily at both head and stomach, Hawkins putting in his right with effect. Gilmore used his head with great judgment and escaped many swings which, if landed, would have ended the fight quickly. Towards the end Gilmore was backed down to Hawkins' corner and was forced through the ring, falling on the floor. He rose laughing. Several bets at even were now backed.

4—Hawkins, without delay, swung his right at the head and landed, dazing the Montrealer. Gilmore went down on the blow several times to avoid punishment. The calls of the betting were all in favor of Hawkins.

5—Gilmore was improving on this round, and landed left and right in quick succession on Hawkins, but none of them hard enough to do more than cut the flesh. Near the call of time Hawkins caught Gilmore a terrible smash on the head, dazing him so that at the call of time he took the wrong chair.

6, 7 AND 8—Were devoted to light exchanges, neither caring to land. The rounds were enlivened by some chaffing across the ring from the seconds.

9—Gilmore moved up rapidly and assumed the offensive, landing with his left on Hawkins' swollen and discolored eyes, round which lumps were raised which looked as if he could hardly see very much longer.

10—Gilmore fell weak again, but by his extreme cleverness on his feet, escaped many of Hawkins' right-handers, any one of which would have settled him.

11 AND 12—These were all in favor of Hawkins, he smashing in his right hand with terrible force on Gilmore's neck and body. The little man took all he got with grace.

13—In this round Gilmore was rushed on an unprotected window, and had his back cut very badly, the wounds being numerous and deep.

14—The appearance of Hawkins was something terrible, and Gilmore came up very spry and quick. "It's a long fight, Harry," said Hawkins. A grim smile from Harry's battered face was the response. Gilmore jumped in and planted his hand fairly on Hawkins' nose, sending the blood flying again and staggering the Winnipeg man. Gilmore now had the call, his backer, Harry Phillips, flashing ten fifties for any takers.

15 AND 16—These were given and take, with no advantage on either side. Hawkins' face was a terrible sight, and the right side of Gilmore's face being puffed up.

17—The features in this round were some heavy right-hand swings from Hawkins and a great left-hand stop by Gilmore.

18—This was very light, both men keeping away and playing for wind.

19—Gilmore assumed the offensive, and landed right and left (but lightly) on his man. It was evidently an effort, for he fell weak towards the end of the round, and was done to all intents at his close.

20 AND 21—These were simply the end of the fight, being all in Hawkins' favor. Gilmore going down several times with very little blows. He was knocked clean out in the first half of the twenty-fourth.

The Ottawa party gave vent to their enthusiasm, and Hawkins was so much overjoyed he not only shook hands with Gilmore, but kissed him. The conduct of Harry Phillips in his insuring Hawkins such a square deal is meeting with much favorable comment. The two principals have got out of the city safely. Hawkins is the worst punished man of the two and has his right hand broken. Gilmore's left suffered most. There is talk of a match for Hawkins against McAuliffe.

J. A. LOWE.

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

The American Jockey Club opened at Jerome Park on Decoration Day with a brilliant programme.

The failure of Goliath to face the starter in the Kentucky Derby after he had been backed down to 3 to 1, has made the plungers more prudent.

The "Police Gazette" office was invaded on May 25 by G. H. Hosmer, John McKay, William O'Connor and Wallace Ross. They visited the sporting rooms, and left pleased with their visit.

John D. McAuliffe, a great patron of sports, has opened a drug store at 203 East Fourteenth street, this city. He has prepared a great tonic for boxers and a liniment for pedestrians and wrestlers.

The defeat of The Baron, who finished second, and the non-starting of Enterprize, the Two Thousand Guineaes winner, on both of which much money was invested, serve to emphasize the futility of ante-post betting.

The regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association will be held on the Charles river course, Boston, Friday, June 17. The races for single, double, four-oared and eight-oared scull shells are open to the amateurs of the world.

Jack Carkeek, the famous wrestler, with his backer, J. Pascoe, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 25. Carkeek is going to Wales to wrestle the Welsh champion for \$1,000 and the championship of the world. Carkeek is a strong, powerful athlete, and Pascoe, his backer, is ready to back him and has the capital to do so.

Prof. Harmon, the champion sprint runner of the Maritime Provinces, is matched against Joe Perkins, of Fort Custer, Montana, for a race of 150 yards for a wager of \$2,000 a side. Harmon to give Perkins 2 yards start, and in order to win the money he has to defeat him by 5 yards. He is confident that he can accomplish the task.

It is announced the New York Driving Club will offer a purse of \$1,500 for Harry Wilkes to beat his record, 2:13½, about the middle of June. The first thought was to offer a purse for Harry Wilkes and Oliver K., but when Mr. Schwartz was approached he said that his horse would not be ready to go in June. A great many people will take advantage of the opportunity to see Harry Wilkes in action.

John L. Sullivan umpired the baseball game between the New Haven and Waterbury clubs at New Haven, Conn., on May 25. It is about the first time since the season opened that the crowd has not done more or less kicking against the umpire. Not a murmur was heard against John L.'s decisions, but on the contrary he gave great satisfaction. The game resulted in Waterbury's favor—13 to 10.

A correspondent writing from Australia says: "People here are very anxious to see Hanlan and Beach try conclusions on the Nepean river. The majority seem to think that Beach will beat Hanlan on any kind of water, although Hanlan has many admirers in Australia. Thousands of pounds will change hands over the race." Articles of agreement have been signed and the race will be rowed on Saturday, Nov. 25. Bubenar will go to Australia with Hanlan.

The regatta of the Schuylkill Navy is to be held over the national course on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, mile and a half straightaway, July 4. The prizes offered are the Sharpless Cup, to be competed for by eight-oared shells, and the Downing Cup, to be competed for by four-oared shells. Handsome gold medals will be presented to the winning crews, and silk banners to the clubs of which they are members. The national association rules will govern the regatta.

It appears the Ives pool bill will not prevent book-making in New York as many supposed, and many bookmakers and their thousands of patrons were rejoiced when they learned that a number of local bookmakers and at least one firm of lawyers were convinced that the business of bookmaking may be followed in any place in New York State without fear of the law. The plan by which the law can be circumvented is for each bookmaker to have cards or circulars printed as follows:

NEW YORK, 1887.  
I desire to execute for me on the race track of the \_\_\_\_\_ Club, at the races to be held \_\_\_\_\_ day on the grounds of the \_\_\_\_\_ Racing Association, at \_\_\_\_\_ in the County of \_\_\_\_\_, State of New York, and at no other place or time, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars on \_\_\_\_\_, but do not under any circumstances accept odds on this race at the said race track at a less price than \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_.

I desire to be distinctly understood—and for this reason only do I place in your hands my money—that you place my said money for me only on said horse alone mentioned, and at no place other than on the grounds of the said \_\_\_\_\_ Racing Association during the progress of the races on \_\_\_\_\_ day, and for this purpose I make you my common carrier. For the expense incurred by you in so placing my said money on the said grounds of said \_\_\_\_\_ Racing Association I agree to pay you the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ cents.

Messrs. Howe and Hummel are the authors of this circular letter. When a person desires to make a bet and has selected his bookmaker all he has to do is to fill out the blank spaces in the letter. One of the first persons to "take a chance" under this new scheme was a bookmaker, whose place of business is on Beekman street, and he did a flourishing business.

The one hundred and eighth Derby was decided at Epsom Downs, England, on Wednesday, and the Irish-bred colt and all winter favorite, The Baron, succumbed to a comparative outsider in Mr. Abington's Merry Hampton, son of that sterling good race horse, Hampton. Summary: The one hundred and eighth renewal of the Epsom Derby, the Blue Ribbon event of the English turf, was run at Epsom Downs, on Wednesday last, May 25, and was won by Merry Hampton. The Baron, the all winter's favorite, ridden by Webb, and who was post favorite at 5 to 4 on him, secured the second place and Martley third. The betting at the start was 5 to 4 on The Baron, 11 to 1 against Merry Hampton, 12 to 1 Alntree, 14 to 1 Martley, 100 to 14 Eldersport, 22 to 1 Blanchard, 50 to 1 Timothy, 65 to 1 Lovelock, 100 to 1 Consolide, 125 to 1 Mr. Marshall's Doncaster Shannon colt, 125 to 1 Saville. The conditions of the race were as follows: The one hundred and eighth renewal of the Derby stakes of 50,000 svs., each, half forfeit, for three-year-olds, colts, s stone; fillies, 8 stone 9 pounds; the second to receive 300 svs. and the third 150 svs. out of the stakes; about 1½ miles, starting at the New High Level Starting Post; 193 subscribers.

Mr. Abington's b c Merry Hampton, by Hampton—Doll Tear-sheet..... Waits 1  
Mr. Fern's b c The Baron, by Zenophon—Tantrum..... Webb 3  
F. Douglas's ch c Martley, by Doncaster—Lady Margaret..... F. Barrett 3

Mr. Manton's ch c Eldersport, by Isomomy—Sonsie Queen..... Fagan 0  
J. Hammond's b c Alntree, by Sefton—Electric..... Lashmar 0  
Lord Palmouth's br c Blanchard, by Macaron—Syringa..... Martin 0

Lord Ellesmere's b c Grandison, by Hampton—Belle of Bury..... G. Barrett 0  
Mr. Manton's ch c Timothy, by Hermit—Lady Masham..... Loates 0  
Lord Hastings's b c Lovelock, by Miser—Margery Daw..... Lashmar 0

C. J. Lefevre's b c Consolide, by Isomomy—Confiance..... Goater 0  
Mr. Marshall's b c by Doncaster—Shannon..... White 0  
Duke of Westminster's br c Saville, by Hampton—Lilian..... Cannon 0

One of the best judges of pugilists in this country is Billy Madden. At the time Paddy Ryan was matched against John L. Sullivan he not only trained the latter but backed him, and he won. He went to England and found Charley Mitchell, who proved to be a champion. At the time Dempsey appeared like a comet in the pugilistic hemisphere, Billy Madden claimed he was a wonder, and Dempsey has figured in nearly forty battles and never been defeated. After the amateurs derided Jack McAuliffe, Madden espoused his cause and he has been victorious in every battle he has fought, at least he has never been defeated. Madden brought out Jack Ashton and he won fourteen battles under Madden's management.

Now there is a question in regard to the heavy-weight championship between Sullivan and Jack Kilrain. Madden announces that Kilrain can conquer not only Sullivan but any man in the world, and he also states that McAuliffe is the only light-weight cham-

pion of America. No one can be surprised at the authorities preventing the Sullivan combination from appearing at the numerous cities and towns in Connecticut, after the manager of the show placarded Jack Kilrain as a coward, merely because he challenged the premier boxer of America to contend for the supremacy and \$5,000 a side. Kilrain has many friends in New England, and many of them are officials who do not take any stock in Sullivan or his manager since they have refused to meet Kilrain.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club threw their gates open at Brooklyn on May 25, and as betting had been legalized, there was a tremendous crowd present. The principal event was the Falcon stakes for three-year-olds; \$50 each, half forfeit, or only \$10 if declared by May 1; with \$1,000 added, of which \$250 to second; selling allowances; 11-16 miles. Ten started, and Glenmound, owned by W. Jennings, who 60 to 1 to win and 25 to 1 for place, won. The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE tipped the winner.

The Betting.—11 to 5, Sunbeam, 4 to 5 place; 6 to 1, Sutor, 2 to 1 place; 7 to 1 each Obelisk and Raveller, 2½ to 1 place; 8 to 1, Nellie B, 3 to 1 place; 10 to 1 each Al Reed and Ontario, 4 to 1 each place; 12 to 1, Maggie Mitchell, 5 to 1 place; 15 to 1, Jesse, 6 to 1 place; 20 to 1, Matawan, 3 to 1 place; 50 to 1, Glenmound, 25 to 1 for place. Summary:

W. Jennings' b g Glenmound, by Glenmore—Alice J., 95 lbs. \$2,000..... Chappel 1  
Emery & Co's b c Sutor, by Alarm—Misty Morn, 93 lbs. \$1,500..... Barnes 2  
J. McMahon's b c Al Reed, by Voltigeur—Rosetta, 103 lbs. \$2,500..... W. Donohue 3  
W. C. Daly's ch f Jesse, 88 lbs. \$1,500..... Palmer 0  
S. S. Brown's b f Sunbeam, 115 lbs. \$5,000..... Garrison 0  
W. B. Jennings' b f Maggie Mitchell, 98 lbs. \$2,500..... G. Taylor 0  
J. B. Haggin's ch g Ontario, 97 lbs. \$2,200..... F. Littlefield 0  
W. H. Hedder's br c Raveller, 112 lbs. \$4,000..... McGoldrick 0  
E. McCarron's b f Nellie B, 105 lbs. \$3,000..... Church 0  
Appleby & Johnson's b c Obelisk, 100 lbs. \$2,200..... Bender 0  
Emery & Co's ch g Matawan, 105 lbs. \$3,000..... P. Fitzpatrick 0  
Time, 1:50½.

Another key to the Suburban was decided at the Brooklyn Jockey Club on May 28. It was the Brookside Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, \$50 each, half forfeit, or only \$10 if declared, with \$1,250 added, of which \$300 to second and \$100 to third; one mile and an eighth.

SUMMARY.  
Dwyer Bros' ch c Hanover, 3, by Hindoo—Bourbon Bell, 107, carried 111 pounds..... J. M. McLaughlin 1  
Emery & Co's b c Dry Monopole, 4, by Glenelg—Peru, 114 pounds..... W. Donohue 2  
Fairfax Stable's gr c Oridammon, 3, by Flood—Fredie, 92 pounds..... Bender 3  
W. B. Jennings' gr c Boaz, 4, 110 pounds..... Garrison 0  
G. H. Kernaghan's b g Burch, aged, 110 pounds..... F. Littlefield 0  
D. B. Withers' b b Buckstone, aged, 108 pounds..... McCarty 0  
Roth & Co's b b Richmond, 5, 108 pounds..... Harris 0  
L. C. Behman's ch c Biscuit, 4, 93 pounds..... Lewis 0  
J. Cotton's ch h Alf Estill, 5, 105 pounds..... Hamilton 0  
Time, 1:54½.

Starting time, 4:15; flag fall, 4:35.

The long-talked-of fistic encounter between Johnny Files, of Chicago, and Johnny Regan, of this city, did not take place last Saturday night, owing to the fact that the former pugilist failed to appear at the place appointed for him to meet the manager of the affair. On May 25 the men and their backers met to find out the place that had been selected for the mill. Regan was on hand with his trainer, Alf Powers, first. They were notified of the place of meeting and instructed to go to the hotel at Yonkers depot and there to remain until 2 A. M., when a tug boat would land and take them to the battle ground across the river. Regan and Powers found the hotel and put up there to wait further developments. Later Johnny Files and his backer arrived and was also made aware of the place of fighting, and a diagram of the route was drawn and fully explained to him, so that there would be no mistake. He was informed that Regan had been sent on to Yonkers, where he would remain until 2 A. M. Then, if he was not called for, he was to procure a small boat and be rowed to the fighting ground.

Files was ordered also to go to Yonkers and to remain in the hotel at the railroad depot until 2 A. M., and then if the tug did not arrive at that time he was to do the same as Regan, procure a boat and be rowed across the river to the place selected for the battle. He (Files) was then ordered not to take any one with him but his backer, and he said: "I will go alone and take no one." He was then told what direction to take and how easy it was for him to reach the place when the boat would land if he carried out the programme. In the meantime the tug boat Neptune was engaged, and the contract was that it should leave a certain dock at New York sharp at 11:30 P. M. The Regan party were to meet at Jim Barclay's, at Sixth avenue, near Jefferson Market, where guides would escort them to the boat. Promptly at 11:15 the backer of Regan, Billy Reed, and about thirty others who were provided with tickets were on hand, and 15 minutes later they were steaming across to Hoboken. The Files party were instructed to be at Fifth street dock, Hoboken, at 12 o'clock sharp and notified that the boat, according to contract, would not stop later. At 12 o'clock the steamboat reached the dock, but none of the Files party were present. One of the crowd said that they had gone on the Northern railroad to Demarest and intended to walk from that point to the battle ground. The captain of the boat waited fifteen minutes at the dock when he became very uneasy and stated that he would not wait any longer. At this juncture E. F. Mallahan and a number of journalists reached the dock and were taken on board. Scouts were sent skirmishing for Leonard Tracey and Mike Donovan, but no signs of any one could be seen. At 12:30 the captain said he had to take his boat to the fishing banks and would wait no longer. Again he was requested to give ten minutes grace and he agreed to do so. Still the Files party failed to appear, and the boat was unlighted and started on its destination. After going a quarter of a mile figures were seen on the dock, and the boat again returned and a few more sports were taken on board. The captain then threatened to run the party back to New York if there was any more delay, and when it was found that he was in earnest he was permitted to do so. After a sharp sail under a full pressure of steam, the boat arrived at the battle-ground where Cushing and Hopper fought. After the crowd had landed the slefboat went over to Yonkers for Regan and Files. Billy Reed, Dan Custy, A. Hanley and Wm. E. Harding went to the hotel where Regan and Files had been ordered to stop and found it closed. A light shining like a polar star was seen down by the river, and Alf Powers and a select party were engaging a rowboat to row Regan across to the battle-ground. Powers paid the men he had engaged to row, and the party returned to the hotel, where Regan was in bed.

"Is Jack Files here?" said Andy Hanley.

Al Powers said no.

"This is the place he was sent to stop," said the manager.

Powers was ordered to bring Regan aboard the tug, and Jack Custy and Andy Hanley started for the other hotel to look for Files. It was nearly 3 A. M., and one of the natives said he had been rowed across to Eureka Grove. He was asked to describe Files, but the description did not agree with Files, and the party went to the Getty House. The colored janitor was in charge, and he said there was no such person there, and if there was he would have left word if any one called for him that he should be notified.

The hotel register was searched by Andy Hanley, but no trace of Files could be found. Inquiries were made, and the police, who appeared to know all about it, said there was only one man in the town, and that there would be no fight. Regan went aboard the boat and she steamed for the battle-ground. Files had not crossed the river, and there was all kinds of rumors. In the meantime another tug boat, with Jack Dempsey, Leonard Tracey, Gus Tutthill and a large crowd, arrived on the scene. The ring was put up and Regan entered and claimed the money.

A party were in the meantime sent over to Yonkers to try and find Files, but the captain of the tug boat refused to wait longer, and he steamed for New York. John Flood and a delegation had arrived with lanterns from Demarest, after a 5-mile tramp over turnpike and the same distance through the mountains, and they were disgusted when they found there would be no fight. The whole blame is attached to Files. He knew how to cross the river at 2 P. M. If he was not called for, and he should have gone to the hotel at the depot where he was sent, the same as Regan did, and there would have been no trouble or delay. He was well-aware the boat would reach the dock at 2 P. M. or 2:30, and he could easily have seen the boat crossing the river or his trainer. The tickets were \$10 each, and each side had 30, which brought \$600. Files had his own tickets to sell, so did Regan, consequently by Richard K. Fox gives the stake money to Regan, which he is entitled to through Files' failure to be at the place when called for. Why Files is \$300 ahead, as the stakes and not the ticket money was to be fought for.



## THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions  
on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.

I am not surprised that John L. Sullivan does not feel inclined to arrange a match with Jake Kilrain for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship, when I remember how difficult it was to ratify a match between the Boston Boy, as he was styled, in 1881, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., who then held the championship.

It was not because Sullivan was not eager to enter the arena against Ryan, but it was because he had no backers ready to put up \$1,000, let alone \$5,000, which amount Ryan challenged Sullivan to contend for, and then the backers of Sullivan and their representatives were trying to have the match arranged their way, but they did not succeed.

Now, to show how hard a matter and what trouble there was in bringing about a meeting between Ryan and Sullivan, I give a history of the arranging of the match, which will no doubt be read with interest by the million readers of this journal in both hemispheres.

At the time Paddy Ryan was champion, Sullivan said he was ready to fight him or any man in the world for \$1,000 and the championship, and Ryan agreed to fight for \$5,000. Mike McDonald, the king of the Chicago sporting men, then came forward, and agreed to match Sullivan against Ryan for any amount. Ryan was informed of this fact, and sent word to Chicago "that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE in New York was ready to put up \$5,000 that he could whip Sullivan, but that he would pay no attention to any challenge unless Sullivan or his backers sent on a forfeit and a challenge." Ryan claimed that he was the champion and ready to defend that title.

Michael C. McDonald, on learning of Ryan's resolve, sent the following challenge, accompanied by a certified check for \$1,000, to Kelly & Bliss:

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 1, 1881.

To the Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—I will match John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., in a fair stand-up fight, in accordance with the rules of the English prize ring, against Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, the fight to take place within 100 miles from the city of Detroit, Mich., or New Orleans, La., not less than six or more than ten weeks after signing articles, Messrs. Kelly & Bliss, of New York, to be final stakeholders. In support of the above challenge I enclose check for \$1,000, which I hope Mr. Ryan will cover at his earliest convenience, and immediately name time and place for my representative to meet him to draw up articles of agreement. Trusting that Mr. Ryan means business and will fight Sullivan, I am respectfully,

MICHAEL C. McDONALD,

No. 176 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Charles E. Davies had been selected as Mr. McDonald's representative, and the latter's check for \$1,000 had been received.

Mr. Fox at once notified Ryan by telegraph as follows: "I am ready to back you to fight for \$5,000. If you say so my money is at your disposal. Answer."

Ryan answered that he was ready and anxious to make the match, and authorized Richard K. Fox to cover McDonald's check for \$1,000, saying at the same time that he weighed 230 pounds, and did not see how he could reduce himself and be able to fight on such short notice.

A check for \$1,000 was sent to Messrs. Kelly & Bliss, the New York pool sellers, as part of the stakes, with the following answer to McDonald's challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1881.

Messrs. Kelly & Bliss:

DEAR SIRS—Being informed that Michael C. McDonald, the noted sporting man of Chicago, Ill., has forwarded you a check for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, accompanied by a challenge, wherein he offers to match John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., to fight Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for \$5,000, according to the rules of the London prize ring, I accept the challenge for Ryan to fight in three months from signing articles. I forward you a certified check for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, and select William E. Harding to act as my representative in arranging the details for the match, and he, with Paddy Ryan, the champion, will meet Charles Davies, Michael C. McDonald's representative, at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Monday, Sept. 12, at 11 A. M., to arrange the preliminaries and sign articles of agreement. Ryan has authorized me to arrange the match, and I hope that the two rival champions will meet in the arena with a fair field and no favor, and may the best man win. I have no interest in the matter more than to revive the prize ring, and I hope the battle will be decided without any of the "win, tie and wrangle" system that ruined the once flourishing prize ring in this country.

RICHARD K. FOX, POLICE GAZETTE.

A time and place of meeting was agreed to, but Sullivan's representative did not appear. Ryan's backer then named Sept. 12 to arrange the match. Ryan had come all the way from Albany to make the match and his stakes were ready to put up, but Sullivan's deposit of \$1,000 could not be found.

Ryan, on Sept. 12, 1881, issued the following challenge to Sullivan to prove that he meant business:

To the Editor New York Herald:

SIR—Last Sunday's Herald contained what purported to be a challenge issued by Michael McDonald, of Chicago, on behalf of John L. Sullivan, in which he stated he was ready to match Sullivan to fight me for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. At the same time he said in his letter to the Herald that he had forwarded a certified check for \$1,000 to Kelly & Bliss, of this city. As soon as I heard that this Chicago sporting man had decided to match Sullivan for \$5,000 (the amount I proposed to fight any man in the world for) I notified my backer, Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and stated I was anxious to meet Sullivan, and authorized Richard K. Fox to cover Sullivan's deposit of \$1,000. A certified check for \$1,000 was at once sent by the POLICE GAZETTE to Kelly & Bliss, but they denied having received any stakes from either Sullivan or McDonald. It is now four days since the challenge was issued, and, although my backer's stakes are ready, Sullivan's forfeit of \$1,000 has not been seen nor heard of. I will meet Sullivan at the sporting office of the POLICE GAZETTE on Friday, Sept. 23, to put \$1,000 and sign articles to fight in three months for \$5,000 a side and the championship of America.

Yours,

PADDY RYAN.

On the following Monday Ryan came down from Troy, N. Y., to the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange the match. A large crowd of sports were present, viz.: Jack Lawrence, John Morrissey's trainer, Chas. Lloyd-Cockney, Charles Mark (Tupp) Maguire, Bob Smith and a host of others. Ryan came purposely to make the match, and when he found that Sullivan's money had not come on he was greatly disappointed. The crowd who expected the match would be at once arranged were also disappointed. Ryan said he did not want to run all over the country, neither did he want the public sold.

He was ready to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000, and he did not believe Sullivan was in earnest. Just as the party was about to disperse a dispatch came from McDonald stating that previous arrangements prevented Charles Davies, his agent, from meeting Richard K. Fox's agent, and that he would meet the latter at Buffalo, N. Y., half way, on the 23d inst., to arrange the match.

Shortly after Richard K. Fox telegraphed to McDonald as follows: The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE will not go to Buffalo. He will meet you or Charles Davies at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 23d inst. to arrange the match.

RICHARD K. FOX.

McDonald sent Charles Davies, of Chicago, to New York to meet Ryan at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange the match, and the meeting was postponed until the 24th of September.

ber, when the parties met to arrange the match. Davis had \$1,000 ready to put up for Sullivan and the POLICE GAZETTE representative also had \$1,000 to post for Ryan. A tremendous crowd assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office to witness the arranging of a match.

At 1 P. M. the meeting commenced, and Davies and Madden represented Sullivan, and Ryan was present to dictate any point Harding might forget, who represented Richard K. Fox in the interest of Ryan. Harding had a certified check for \$1,000 and a copy of the articles of agreement. Harding said:

"These are the same conditions Mace and Coburn and Ryan and Goss fought by, and according to these conditions I will, on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE, match Ryan to fight Sullivan for \$1,000 and the championship of the world."

Chas. Davies objected on the ground that the articles stipulated that the final stakeholder must be selected at the posting of the final deposit. He said that that official must be selected at once. Harding said he would not deviate from those conditions; that he would agree to either James Keenan, of Boston, Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, or Wm. Hastings, for temporary stakeholders, or he would make the match at once if Davies would agree to Harry Hill, but Davies refused and said Harding did not mean business. "Then," said Harding, "there is the regular championship articles Goss and Ryan fought by; here is \$1,000 to deposit, name anybody responsible for temporary stakeholder and make the match." Davies said he had instructions not to agree to a temporary stakeholder. "In that case," said Harding, "name Harry Hill and I will make the match." Finally Davies agreed to telegraph to Chicago, asking McDonald if he would agree upon Harry Hill for final stakeholder.

While awaiting a reply Ryan said: "I hope the match will be made, because I am anxious to meet Sullivan. I now weigh 230 pounds, and it will take me four months to reduce myself to fighting weight."

It was agreed to meet at Harry Hill's in the evening. At 10 P. M. Davies appeared there with a reply from McDonald that he would not agree to Harry Hill. Again Messrs. Davies and Harding agreed the point. Davies named McGonigle, of Philadelphia, Bemis, of Chicago, owner of Little Brown Jug, and Watts, of Louisville. Harding objected, and named Billy McMullen, James Keenan, of Boston, or Bill Hastings, for temporary stakeholder, but Davies said his orders were no temporary stakeholder.

"Well, then, you can make no match unless you agree to Harry Hill, who is responsible, and has held that position before. It is not my \$5,000, and I am going to see it in good hands." Harding then produced \$1,000 and gave it to Harry Hill on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE, saying: "Now Ryan's money is up, and any time you want to agree that Harry Hill shall hold the stakes I will be ready to make the match, but under no other conditions."

Davies agreed to again telegraph to McDonald and meet Harding on the 24th inst. at the POLICE GAZETTE office. There was great disappointment because the match was not arranged, and Ryan left for Troy.

On the afternoon of Sept. 25, according to agreement, W. E. Harding, representing the POLICE GAZETTE, and Paddy Ryan, met with Chas. Davies, of Chicago, and Billy Madden, who represented McDonald, of Chicago, Sullivan's backer, at the POLICE GAZETTE office to complete arrangements for the prize fight for \$10,000 and the championship of America, between Sullivan and Ryan. Davies stated that he would go to Chicago and see McDonald, and that if Harding would allow Harry Hill to hold the \$1,000 belonging to the POLICE GAZETTE for a week there was every probability of the match being arranged. Harding said Ryan wanted to fight and the money was ready, and that he would leave the \$1,000 with Harry Hill until the 5th proximo.

The failure to agree upon a stakeholder created a sensation, and the POLICE GAZETTE published the following: "What would be the use of a pugilist training four months for a prize fight and then, after the battle had been decided in his favor, to find that the stakeholder had received a protest from the opposite party not to pay the stakes to the winner or they would enter legal proceedings to cover the amount they had posted? In such a case the stakeholder would be between two fires. He would either have to pay the stakes to the winner and fight against a lawsuit, or he would have to return each party back their stakes."

"A stakeholder in a prize fight, or in any match, is an important and ticklish position, and only a man that is responsible and determined can fill the office. A stakeholder in all matches is the first important point in arranging a match for a large amount of money; therefore parties arranging such matches should keep their 'weather eye open.' There are plenty of sporting men responsible enough to hold stakes, but how many would fight the law if, either side claimed the money after they had lost it, and entered legal proceedings for its recovery?"

For a time the match hung fire, and no word was received from Chicago. October 5 arrived but neither McDonald nor Charles Davies covered the \$1,000 the POLICE GAZETTE had deposited with Harry Hill. It was finally ascertained that McDonald decided to have nothing more to do with the match, and Sullivan was left in the lurch. Finding that there was no prospect of Charles Davies or Mike McDonald going on with the match, Richard K. Fox sent for the \$1,000 he had left to match Ryan to fight Sullivan. On arriving at Harry Hill's the POLICE GAZETTE representative found Billy Madden, Sullivan's right hand man. Wm. E. Harding informed Madden that he had been instructed to withdraw that \$1,000. Madden said he had not heard from either Davies or McDonald, but he proposed matching Sullivan himself for \$2,500 a side. "I would make it for \$5,000, but we have not the money now."

"Well," said Harding, "I will make the match if Richard K. Fox is willing, but he would sooner make it for \$5,000, and Ryan would just as leave fight for \$10,000 as \$2,500." In the meantime Harding notified Richard K. Fox, who gave him full power to arrange the match. Madden then agreed to Harry Hill for final stakeholder and posted \$500. Five hundred dollars was then posted with Harry Hill and \$500 received in return, balance of the \$1,000 Mr. Fox previously posted.

On the same day both parties met at the "Police Gazette" office to arrange the final preliminaries. An old fashioned crowd gathered to witness the match arranged, among them being many well-known sporting men. Neither Ryan nor Sullivan were present, the former being in Chicago, Ill., and the latter at the Hub taking preliminary training. Billy Madden made the match for Sullivan, and Wm. E. Harding acted on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE. The business of arranging the match was conducted in a straightforward way. The only hitch was in arranging the date and the place of fighting. Harding proposed four months from date, while Madden thought three months was time enough, and the great match was made.

Now, I claim that only for the proprietor of this paper and Billy Madden, Sullivan would never have been champion of America; he never would have reached the top of the pugilistic ladder. He might have engaged in glove contests, or figured in prize fights, but without the POLICE GAZETTE behind the champion who met John L. Sullivan the battle would have only been a seven day wonder, and not the great prize ring event of the eighth decade in the nineteenth century.

The "Daily News," May 26, says: Jake Kilrain now assumes the title of champion, and is ready to meet any man in the world for the championship. Will Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's manager, now back Kilrain to meet Kilrain for \$5,000 a side, the Richard K. Fox diamond belt and the championship of the world, as he announced he would through the newspapers?

A fine blooded brood mare, the property of Charles H. Barnard, living near Northbrook, some time ago broke her fore leg. Dr. Huidekoper, of the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, was called in, and he amputated her broken limb. As soon as the stump was healed the surgeon fitted an artificial leg to the mare, and she is being instructed in its use. The leg is taken off at night so that she can lie down, and it is kept on for a few hours each day. Dr. Huidekoper thinks the animal will soon use the artificial limb with ease.

## THE TURF.

Flora Temple, the First Great American Trotter.  
Her Record.

We have received so many communications in regard to Flora Temple, the first great trotter who figured as a star on the turf, that we publish a sketch of the famous bob-tailed mare who sprang from a thirteen-dollar colt to the greatest trotter in America in her day. Flora Temple was foaled upon the farm of Samuel Welch, in Oneida county, N. Y. She was got by One-Eyed Hunter, son of Kentucky Hunter, and her dam was Madam Temple, who was sired by a spotted Arabian horse, owned at that time by Horace Terry, and brought from Dutchess county, N. Y. Flora's owner, a Mr. Tracy, kept her until she was four years old, when, finding her willful and unserviceable, she was sold to William H. Congdon, of Smyrna, N. Y., for \$15. The young mare proved to be of no earthly account to her new owner, so she was shortly afterward sold to Kelly & Richardson for \$68. She did not remain the property of this firm a great while, in fact she exchanged ownership several times after this, until finally Mr. George E. Perrin, of New York, bought her for \$500, and it was under his management that Flora Temple became a trotter.

The succeeding year after Mr. Perrin purchased her, she made her first appearance upon the turf at the old Union Course, L. I. This was upon Sept. 9, 1850. The rather insignificant amount of \$50 was offered for the winner, and against Flora were Whitehall, who subsequently became somewhat celebrated as a sire, and three other horses. Whitehall was an immense favorite, but Flora gave a rather astonishing performance by winning after a contest of four heats. Whitehall took the first heat in 2:52 and Flora the next three in 2:55, 2:52 and 2:49. The next year, as a six-year-old, the young mare met with an accident and was thrown out of training. The subsequent year she trotted in but two races, but in 1853, when eight years old, she entered upon that wonderful career which only ceased during the great civil war. Flora's first appearance in 1853 was at the old Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, against a well-known trotter named Black Douglas. The latter beat the mare in this race, but she turned the tables on the black horse in the two subsequent races, her victory being very complete in both instances. She also met and defeated Highland Maid, who was the first horse to trot in harness in 2:37. Green Mountain Maid also beat upon three occasions. Tacony and her had many fights for mastery, but Flora uniformly got the best of the struggle. Lady Brooks and Lady Vernon each had to succumb to the daughter of One-Eyed Hunter. During the same year she was beaten twice by Tacony and once each by Black Douglas and Green Mountain Maid. In 1854 she defeated Mac, Jack Waters, Green Mountain Maid, and was beaten but once, by the latter mare.

In 1855 Flora's opening race was with the noted gray mare, Sontag, by whom she was defeated. She was then matched to trot twenty miles against time, but owing to the casting of a shoe and cutting herself she lost. In six subsequent races she was victorious, her defeated rivals being Know-Nothing (afterward Lancet), Sontag, Lady Franklin, Chicago Jack, Mac, Frank Forester and Hero, the pacer. The next two years were principally distinguished by her contests with the slashing black gelding Lancet, in which she carried off most of the honors, although she also defeated Tacony, Chicago Jack, Ethan Allen and others, thereby reducing her record to 2:34.

Flora was now regarded as being the greatest trotter of her time, and in 1858 she was sold to William McDonald, a wealthy gentleman of Baltimore, for \$5,000. In the same year she started in thirteen races and was the winner of them all. In 1859, when fourteen years old, she met the noted stallion Ethan Allen at the Fashion Course. The race was to wagnons, but Flora won very cleverly in 2:35, 2:37 and 2:37. In June of the same year the celebrated California mare Princess was brought East, and it was not long before a match was made between her and Flora. Princess was considered invincible by the Golden Gate men, especially in long distance races. The match between Princess and Flora was to wagnons, three-mile heats, best two in three, at the Eclipse Course. The race created the greatest excitement and there was an immense audience present. Flora won in 7:54 and 7:56. Twelve days afterward the mares met again, but this time Princess was victorious. In all their subsequent races, however, and we believe they met eight times, Flora was successful.

In October, 1859, the famous little trotter electrified the world by trotting better than 2:30. The performance took place at Kalamazoo, Mich., with Princess and Honest Anse as contestants. The people in the Northwest were terribly excited over the contest, and a purse of \$2,000 was subscribed to go to the winner. With the great crowd present Flora was held as the favorite. The first heat was just about fast enough to give Flora a warning up. In the second heat Honest Anse fought Flora hard for three-quarters of a mile, but the clip was too great for him and he was obliged to let the little bob-tailed mare come home by herself, the heat being trotted in 2:34. In the third heat Flora and Princess were the only starters, Honest Anse being withdrawn. The former left Princess behind from the very start off, and trotted the first half-mile in 1:09. Going steadily to the finish she made the heat in 2:39. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the grounds when the time was announced. After this great exploit Flora went to Cleveland, and in another race with Princess beat her with great ease and in poor time. At Cuyahoga Falls, a week later, she defeated Ike Cooke in a 4-heat race, the second heat being a "dead" one. On Nov. 21 of the same year she met for the first time the stallion George M. Patchen. The race took place over the Union Course, and under the conditions Flora was to go in harness and Patchen under the saddle. Although Patchen led to the quarter pole in the first heat, Flora collared him before the half-mile pole was reached, and she beat him home in 2:38. Both horses trotted close together in the second heat, but Flora won it in 2:33. In the third heat Flora went under the wire first in 2:34, but owing to a break on the homestretch and crossing the stallion the heat was given against her. They came up for another heat and went away at great speed without the word. It was getting dark, and notwithstanding a recall from the judges they continued their struggle. Flora arrived at the wire ahead, but the horses not receiving the word it was decided no heat. A postponement until the following day was made, but the race was never trotted out. Three days afterward she defeated Ethan Allen over the Union Course, after which she went into winter quarters.

In the spring of 1860 the Jersey stallion George M. Patchen was matched against Flora again for \$1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, over the Union Course. In describing this race, which was probably the best ever trotted by Flora, Hiram Woodruff says: "In the first heat the start was an even one. Flora soon made a skip and the stallion got the lead. The mare, however, steadied herself, and led at the quarter pole in 35 seconds. On the straight work Patchen made a great burst of speed and sent Flora to a break. At the half-mile he was leading in by a length in 1:11. Flora came up even with him on the homestretch and the struggle to the wire was one of the fastest and closest things I ever saw. They came on neck and neck at an amazing rate, and within three strides of home it seemed to be a dead heat. McMan, at the very last, struck Flora sharply with the whip, let go her head, and with one desperate effort she won by a throat latch in 2:31, the best time that had ever been seen on Long Island. In the second heat Flora led by three lengths to the half-mile, but the stallion closed up the gap when the straight for home was reached and another close struggle was made. Flora won by only a neck in 2:34. Tallman, the driver of Patchen, made an appeal at the conclusion of the heat, alleging that McMan had driven foul by swerving out, and compelling him to go to the extreme outside. The objection was overruled. In the third heat they got off well together. Flora led to the quarter in 34 seconds. Patchen now made a wonderful effort and trotted one of the best quarters I ever saw. He was nearly a length behind at the quarter-pole in 35 seconds, yet he led by a length at the half-mile in 1:10, thus trotting the second quarter 'in better' than 34 seconds. On the lower turn he led a couple of lengths, but from this on Flora picked up gradually and came up even with him on the homestretch. At the last pinch the stallion broke, and the mare won it in 2:31.

Upon the 6th of June, Flora and Patchen had another encounter over the same course, but this time it was two mile heats, best two in three, in harness. Flora was a big favorite, but Patchen beat her easily in 4:58½ and 4:57½. She died Dec. 21, 1877, at the age of 32 years.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,  
Franklin Square, New York.

B. H., Brooklyn.—5 feet 8½ inches.  
READER, Girard, Ill.—It is B's place to bet.  
READER, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—A loses both wagers.  
C. A. C., Washington, D. C.—A and B are out first.  
A. B.—It is customary for each man to follow his throw.  
B. W. D., Woodhull, Ill.—John C. Heenan died Oct. 25, 1873.  
J. Y., Selma, Ala.—John L. Sullivan was born on Oct. 15, 1818.  
Y. Q., Baltimore, Md.—Wm. Corkey was never in this country.  
J. G., Nevada.—Geo. Sedgwick was born in England and not in Ireland.

Y. Z., Harrisburg, Pa.—9½ seconds is the fastest 100-yard running time.

J. S., Richfield, N. J.—Send \$1.50 to this office and we will send you the book.

M. S., Boston.—Captain James C. Daly. 2. We were not aware he was in prison.

E. L., New York.—We understand it seats that number, have written to ascertain.

J. F. G., Columbus ave., Philadelphia.—Send 50 cents and we will mail you the book.

W. H. B., Chicago, Ill.—A wins, as Billy Edwards did beat Sam Collier three times.

M. S. S., Eufaula, Ala.—1. Twenty dollars. 2. Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion."

Q. W. I., Ravenna, Iowa.—In shaking poker dice aces beat deuces except otherwise agreed upon.

D. R., Providence, R. I.—Joe Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 30, 1835.

D. M., Baltimore.—Flora Temple died December 21, 1877. She is buried at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

A. B., Chicago.—We have no directory of the Chicago recruiting offices at the time of the Mexican war.

F. R., Detroit, Mich.—The longest standing jump on record was made by Geo. Hamilton at Rome, Mich.

K. O., Cincinnati, O.—John Morrissey was elected to Congress Nov. 4, 1866, and re-elected in November, 1868.

C. H., Carbon, W. T.—Ed. Price was born at London, Eng., in 1832. He generally fought at 165 pounds. 2. No.

J. M., Negaunee, Mich.—1. Ryan weighed 250 pounds before he went into training; Sullivan about 190 pounds. 2. Yes.

T. A., Eau Claire, Wis.—Mace and Allen fought for \$5,000 and the championship at Kennerly, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870.

S. O. C., Springfield, Mass.—In regard to diet in training, it depends almost entirely on previous habits, present condition and state of constitution.

P. C., Cambridge, O.—1. W. Willie has figured in numerous wrestling matches, but never held any championship. 2. No questions answered by mail.

M. S., Leadville, Pa.—John Morrissey did not leave a fortune.

2. Jem Belcher, the English pugilist, was born at Bristol, in 1761. 3. He died at London, Eng., on July 30, 1831.

W. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—Clint James, of Washington, and Joe Phelan, of Baltimore, seconded Sam Collier when he fought Mike Carr, better known as "English," on March 16, 1867.

SCIPIO, Portland, Oregon.—1. Nat Langham was the only pugilist that ever defeated Tom Sayers. 2. Nat Langham was born at Hincley, near Leicester, England, in 1820. 3. His early battles were with men about his own weight, for Langham weighed 154 pounds, which was most difficult to match, when accompanied with first-class pugilistic capabilities. He was too heavy for pugilists of the light-weight division (whose average is from 125 to 135 pounds) and too light for real big game, provided they had any sound pretensions to skill and game. Pugilists of this side can only find a fair match among pugilists of their own stamp and qualification. Langham's early encounters in the prize ring were with pugilists of the heavy division and his only defeat was by Harry Orme, who by an unlucky throw, so spoiled Langham's science in the early part of the fight as to obtain the victory, but only after 117 rounds, when the sponge was thrown up by Langham's seconds at the close of one of the bravest battles ever fought in the ring.

S. J., San Francisco, Cal.—Jake Kilrain was born in Greenpoint, L. I., on Feb. 8, 1859. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He gained his first notoriety as a pugilist in 1880, when he knocked out Dangerous Jack, of New York, in three rounds. On March 19, 1883, he defeated Pete McCoy at Sullivan's benefit in Boston. In April he defeated John Allen in a four-round glove contest. The following month he met and easily vanquished George Godfrey, the heavy-weight colored pugilist, in 3 rounds. In October, 1883, Kilrain met Jim Goode, the newly-arrived English pugilist, and after fighting 6 rounds the referee decided it a draw, but admitted Kilrain to have had the best of it all through the contest. Kilrain has had several friendly set-to's with John L. Sullivan. The champion has always declared Kilrain is the best man he ever faced. He is game, quick, active and a powerful hitter. He fought a draw with Charlie Mitchell at Boston on March 24, 1884. Kilrain also met Mike Cleary in a similar contest in Madison Square Garden on June 14, 1884. Billy Edwards was referee and declared the contest a draw. Kilrain also boxed Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Cambridge, Mass. The conditions were 6 rounds, Queensberry rules, and Kilrain had decidedly the best of the encounter, and could have knocked Sheriff out if he had desired to do so. He also defeated Jerry Murphy, the Bangor giant; Al Greenfield, who flourished as champion of England; Jack Burke, Jack Ashton, the winner of a dozen battles. Fought a draw, 1 round, with Frank Herald, and whipped Joe Lannon, whom every sporting man of Boston, except Jim Keenan, looked upon as the best man, next to Sullivan.

M. W., Elkton, Md.—The following is John L. Sullivan's record: Defeated Joe Goss at Masonic Hall, Boston, Mass., in the spring of 1880, time, 7 minutes; Prof. John Donaldson, for a purse of \$500, at Cincinnati, Dec. 30, 1880, in 10 rounds, time 20 minutes; Steve Taylor, at New York, March 31, 1881, time, 3 minutes; John Flood for a purse of \$1,000, with kid gloves, on a barge up the Hudson River, near Yonkers, N. Y., May 16, 1881, in 8 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Paddy Ryan, for \$5,000, and the championship of America, with bare knuckles, at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1885, in 9 rounds, time, 11 minutes; Jimmy Elliot, at New York City, July 4, 1885, 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Tug Wilson (a draw), at New York City, July 17, 1885, in 4 rounds, time, 12 minutes; Charley Mitchell, at New York City, May 14, 1885, in 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Herbert A. Slade (the Moori), at New York City, Aug. 7, 1885, in 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; September, 1885, the champion started on a nine month's sparring tour of the United States and Territories. Defeated Fred Robinson, of Butte City, Montana, Jan. 14, 1884, in 2 rounds, time 4 minutes; George M. Robinson, at San Francisco, March 6, 1884, in 4 rounds, time 9 minutes; Robinson went down 68 times to avoid punishment; Alex. Marx, at Galveston, Texas, April 10, 1884, in 1 round, time 1 minute 55 seconds; Dan Henry, at Hot Springs, Ark., April 9, 1884, in 1 round, time, 2 minutes; Wm. Fleming, at Memphis, Tenn., May 1, 1884, in 1 round, time, 2 seconds; Enos Phillips, at Nashville, Tenn., May 2, 1884, in 4 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Prof. J. M. Ladin, at New York City, Nov. 10, 1884, in 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Alf Greenfield, at New York City, Nov. 18, 1884, in 2 rounds, time, 6 minutes 15 seconds; Alf Greenfield, at Boston, Mass., Jan. 12, 1885, in 4 rounds, time, 12 minutes; Paddy Ryan (a draw), the police interfered and stopped the match, time, 30 seconds; Jan. 19, 1885, Jack Burke, at Driving Park, Chicago, Ill., June 18, 1885, in 5 rounds, time, 13 minutes; Dominick McCaffrey, Aug. 29, 1885, at Chester Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, 6 rounds, time, 22 minutes; Frank Herald, at Allegheny City, Pa., Sept. 18, 1885, with gloves, 2 rounds, the police stopped the battle and the referee declared Sullivan the winner, Paddy Ryan, at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 13, 1886, in 8 rounds, with gloves.





SHE WAS A GOOD FIREMAN.

MRS. JOHN PENDERGAST OF WRENTHAM, MASS., ORGANIZES AN ENGINE COMPANY TO SAVE HER HUSBAND'S MILL.



HE TOOK A DROP.

WILLIAM ANDREWS, AN AMATEUR AERONAUT, GOES UP IN A BALLOON WHICH CATCHES FIRE AND GIVES HIM A SEVEN-HUNDRED-FOOT FALL.



THEY THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.

TWO "YOUNG BLOODS" OF ST PAUL, MINN., PLAY OFF A GREAT JOKE ON A DRUNKEN FRIEND WHO COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF.





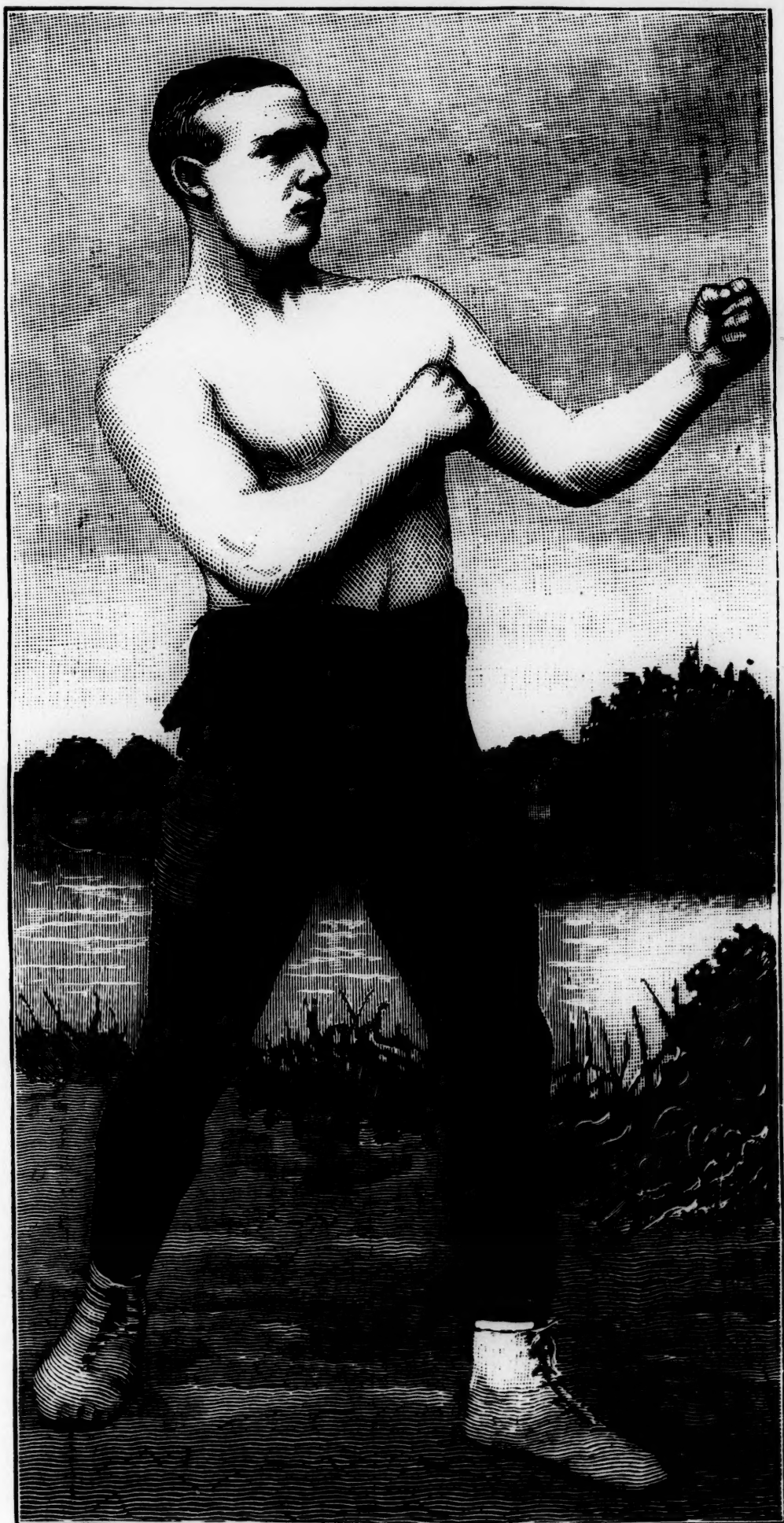
SHE WAS THE HIT OF THE SHOW.

ANNIE OAKLEY, THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION WING-SHOT, IS COMPLIMENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



CHARLES A. O'ROURKE,

THE FAMOUS COMPILER AND TRANSMITTER OF SPORTING NEWS.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by JOHN WOOD, 208 Bowery, New York.]

FRED WOOD,

A RISING YOUNG PROTEGE OF ARTHUR CHAMBERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by JOHN WOOD, 208 Bowery, New York.]

WILLIE CLARKE,

FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.



## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green  
Diamond of America's  
National Game.



Hardie Henderson.

This popular and widely known pitcher, now of the Brooklyn club, has held a prominent position in baseball circles for some seasons past. He first came into prominence while playing with the Athletics of Philadelphia, with whom he did giant service until he threw his arm out. The Athletic management finally were induced to release him to the Baltimore. While with the Baltimore he did some very effective pitching, but as he could not agree with the manager, the latter sold his release to the Brooklyn club. His work in Brooklyn has been very creditable, and the Brooklyn club has won many fine victories through the assistance of his effective pitching.

Baldwin of the Detroit is a chump under the new rules.

Noisy Miller has taken a big drop on his coaching tactics.

John Morrill is making Mike Kelly hustle for all it is worth.

Emil was a Geiss when he signed to pitch for the Chicago.

The only Kelly does not seem to be eating the ball this season.

Windy Burns is finding the ball in great shape for Baltimore.

If Purcell can beat Burns kicking, then preserve us from Purcell.

Dickerson is keeping straight, to the surprise of his many friends.

Who is the man they call the Little Tin God of the Baseball Arena?

Phil Powers just has the backbone to make the players toe the mark.

Keep your eye on the New Yorks—they are pulling up in great shape.

Put Jackasses in power and they are almost sure to make fools of practical men.

The Mets are all right, and they will get there yet if some one only throws them a line.

Sam Crane is getting the same kind of a tough deal in Washington that Gerhardt got in New York.

The New Yorks have been in a somnambulistic state this season, quietly waiting for luck to come their way.

Old age is beginning to have its effect, and many of the players are nothing like as supple as they used to be.

The Indianapolis club contains some pretty good material, in fact, the finest in the world, for catching the short end.

It would take about 10,000 men like Kelly, the \$10,000 beauty, to make the Metropolitan club strong enough to win a game.

Louis Say, who learned to play ball when Adam was a boy, is now in the Haverhills. He is still quite spry, considering his age.

What is John I. Rogers thinking about? He absolutely believes in that obnoxious miscarriage of giving a base hit for a base on balls.

The International League clubs seem to have the call on "rooms," and it is only a question of time until the "white trash" will be crowded out.

The Lansing club has a mascot who can bury his foot out of sight behind his ears. They want to look sharp that he does not prove a Jonah.

The New Yorks would do like the Philadelphias and make a bluff to buy some of the Detroit players, but they are afraid the Detroit will accept.

Miller of the Pittsburghs aspires to be one of the greatest conchers in the arena, but he overdoes the business in his efforts to attract attention.

Where the D—L did all those elephants come from?

It is only a question of time until these loud-mouthed conchers will be called down by the umpires who can not be bulldozed from doing their duty.

Whether it was hard luck or bum ball playing, it is difficult to say, but the Brooklyn took the biggest kind of a great big drop on their recent Western trip.

Where the D—L did all those elephants come from?

It is only a question of time until these loud-mouthed conchers will be called down by the umpires who can not be bulldozed from doing their duty.

Whether it was hard luck or bum ball playing, it is difficult to say, but the Brooklyn took the biggest kind of a great big drop on their recent Western trip.

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Stroud, the Kanuck, manager of the Hamiltons, did not gain much by his sharp practice. Frisky business is soon tumbled to by baseball people of the period.

Hoover is a pretty free batter, but he is one of the kind who has to be moved around with a derrick, as he is naturally very tired, and it hurts his feet to run.

Nimick was thick-headed enough to imagine that the Pittsburghs were going to make a clean sweep. He is beginning to take a more liberal view of the subject.

The Chicago people think that it would have been more appropriate if the Bostonians had presented their \$10,000 beauty with a ball that he could hit instead of a gold watch.

A liar and a thief. That is not hard to say when you say it quick, still it cost Tony Mullane \$15 to say it to Umpire Walsh, but then he must have spoken very slowly.

John L.—the great—is now posing as an umpire, but the great difficulty is that he is so badly stuck on himself that he wants two-thirds of the gate receipts for his share of the spoils.

Whether Hudson or the German took water is hard to tell, but there is one thing certain, that they have come to an understanding, and Hudson will do his share of the twirling for the Browns.

One of the Baltimore players lost his temper in Cincinnati, but the umpire helped him to find it quicker than a streak of greased lightning, and knocked all the fight out of him with a \$75 fine.

Dick, the telegraph operator at the Polo Ground, was calling off the games to his assistant last Saturday, and when he said, "Dunlap—balls," a gentleman sitting behind him with several ladies said, "H-u-s-h."

Tiernan, the New York pitcher, tried an electric battery the other day and it came near killing him.—*Detroit Free Press*. We tried the same battery—Keefe—on the Detroit club and came nearer killing them.

Spalding has been successful in getting a temperance team, but unfortunately none of them know how to play ball. That feature seemed to have been overlooked, while the temperance question was being agitated.

Utica "Herald's" very, very funny baseball editor says tribes of red men from Syracuse and Utica will play on Decoration Day, and every purchaser of a ticket will receive the guarantee that his own scalp will be safe.

Old "Juice" Latham is still carrying his mouth around with him. He has a great habit of using it when things do not suit him. Umpire Hoover caught him in the act during one of the Utica-Jersey City games and covered the crevice with a \$15 fine.

Baby Anson is a very large man, but he could have been drawn through a keyhole when, in the afternoon game on Decoration Day at the Polo Grounds, Goss leisurely walked in from centre field and caught Anson napping off second base and put him out.

Still Detroit is at the front in baseball matters, and the average Detroiters hugs his baseball schedule more closely than he does his prayer book.—*Toledo Journal*. While the Detroiters were in New York we had them hugging their swear books.



REINFORCEMENTS.

The Brooklyn "Citizen" man has a big tip on baseball, and from all accounts is going to land the Detroit club in Brooklyn. He has published two or three sensational articles on the subject and claims it is straight, but it is our opinion that he's got bugs.

Certain parties seem to have it in for Johnny Ward, and are only biding their time until they get a chance to give it to him in the neck for all it is worth. Johnny, however, is playing the game of his life, and his enemies are getting sicker and sicker each day.

So the St. Louis people seem to think the League's baby (Indianapolis) is just about New York's size. Before the season is half over they will find the New Yorks a mountain and Indianapolis a mole-hill. The New Yorks are about a good size for any club in this country.

Spalding was laughing away up in his sleeve last winter when he was selling, but now his chin is lying down on his chest while he is running around frantically trying to buy. This thing about there being as good fish in the sea as ever were caught Mr. Spalding, no doubt, thinks is all d— nonsense.

The great National Colored League, like its twin brother, the great National Baseball Gazette, fizzled out almost as quickly as it sprang into existence. They started off in the spring with wonderful éclat, but as soon as they were hit by a good strong sun, the stench was more than the public could stand.

Ed Morris made the quiet discovery last winter, while in California, that his pitching days were over, and as there is nothing slow about that possum, he managed to worm \$1,000 advance money out of the Pittsburgh club management; so when they laid him off, without pay, he was far from being left on his uppers.

Of all miserable excuses for a baseball nine, the Columbia College aggregation take the cake. Mutrie spent the whole winter training them, but it must have been in swallowing balls instead of catching them. The manner in which they fiddled out of the College Association was not only a disgrace to the college, but to the city of New York.

The baseball manager has the most level head who sells his high-priced men whenever the opportunity offers. The Louisville were offered \$6,000 for Hecker, but they declined to accept, and in less than a week their much-coveted prize was disabled for the season. Spalding is ahead a cool \$10,000 on Kelly, and Boston has to take all the risks of the "only Mike" getting knocked out.

There is nothing like having plenty of sand. Little German George says that the people should not be too willing to condemn the Cincinnati club, that they are playing good ball, and luck is bound to turn in their favor. By the time it does, however, the club will be so far behind in the race that none of the other clubs will have any use for them, unless it be either the Cleveland or the Metropolitans.

The "Ohio State Journal" man evidently has had a tiff with some ball player, as he gets off the following twaddle: "A true baseball player never allows his temper to get the better of him because his score is not as he would like it. The fact is that a player on the field is not always in position to judge of a play, and, more than that, he is often not qualified because of the different standpoint from which he looks at it. A ball player is not necessarily a scorer. The rules are plain on scoring, and no intelligent man could make a mistake except as to judgment." Unfortunately these intelligent scorers, as a rule, are about as competent to pose as judges of baseball playing as the parrot is to criticize the affairs of the nation. Nine out of ten of the men who score baseball never played the game, but of course they are the very class of men who know the most about it, and naturally pose as critics.

Emil Etel, the popular little proprietor of the Puck Hotel, on the south-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Cno

Hundred and Tenth street—the diagonal corner from the grand stand entrance of the Polo Ground—was induced to attend the first grand annual summer night's festival of the James Mutrie Association. He had a very large time and enjoyed himself hugely. Beer flowed more freely than wine. Etel found his way home, but how he got there no one knows. He went to bed, but could not sleep for the rattling of chains in the street and he claims that he got up and looked out of the window and saw a whole drove of elephants on Fifth Avenue all literally covered with chains and they made so much noise that he stayed awake until broad daylight. It was a great picnic, and there were other men present who enjoyed themselves quite as much as Etel, but whether they saw elephants all night or not it is difficult to say, as no doubt the majority of them had been there before themselves and therefore knew enough to keep it shady.

Jimmy Peoples is fond of money and likes to spend it, but like Buck Ewing, he does not like to go behind the bat to earn it. This Spring he sprained his ankle coming out of a bowling alley and President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, allowed him to draw his salary for two full months from the middle of March to the middle of May, without doing a single day's work. Jack O'Brien did all the catching until his hands got too sore to hold the ball any longer, and Mr. Byrne laid him off for a few days to recuperate. Peoples went in as fresh as a daisy and caught three games, and then has the unmitigated gall to ask Jack O'Brien how much longer he was going to lay off, as he did not propose to do all the catching. O'Brien, being all grit, went in and caught Terry, despite his sore hands, rather than be accused of shirking his work. The consequence was that his hands were battered so badly that he was thrown back a couple of weeks. Peoples was called upon the next day, and because he had to catch his fourth game in two months, he acted so shamefully that President Byrne handed him his railroad ticket at the close of the game and sent him home with an indefinite suspension. Peoples was thunderstruck and claimed that he had no money. "No," said Mr. Byrne, "and you will get no more money from the Brooklyn club until you learn to appreciate kindness." JUNK.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

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Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communications with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

## TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission is reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after this date.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Publisher Police Gazette,  
New York.

April 1, 1887.

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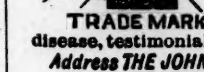
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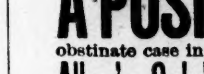
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